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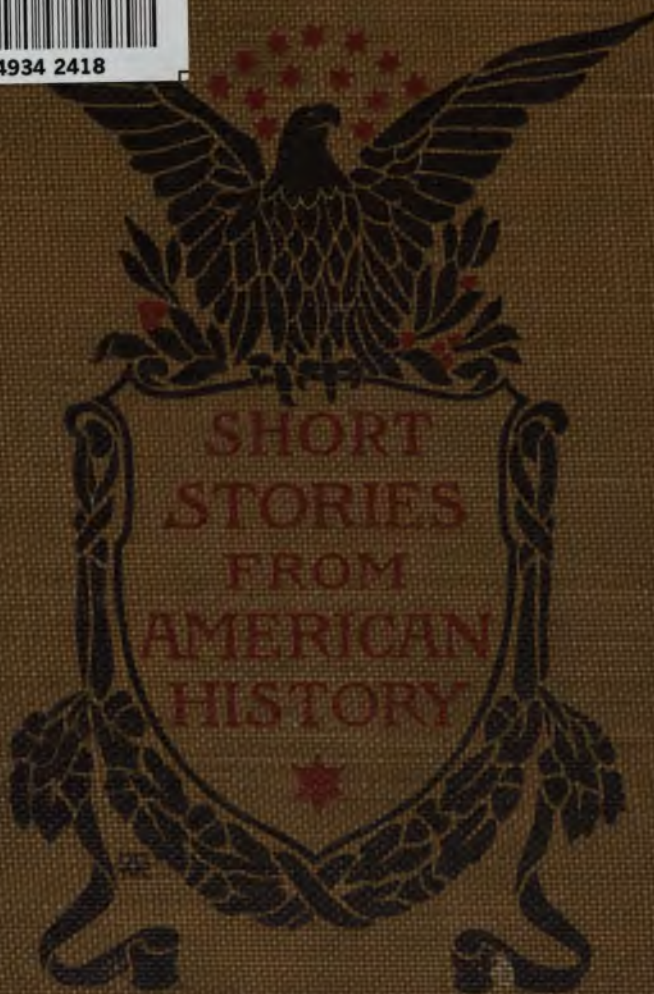
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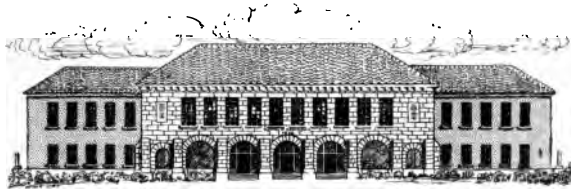
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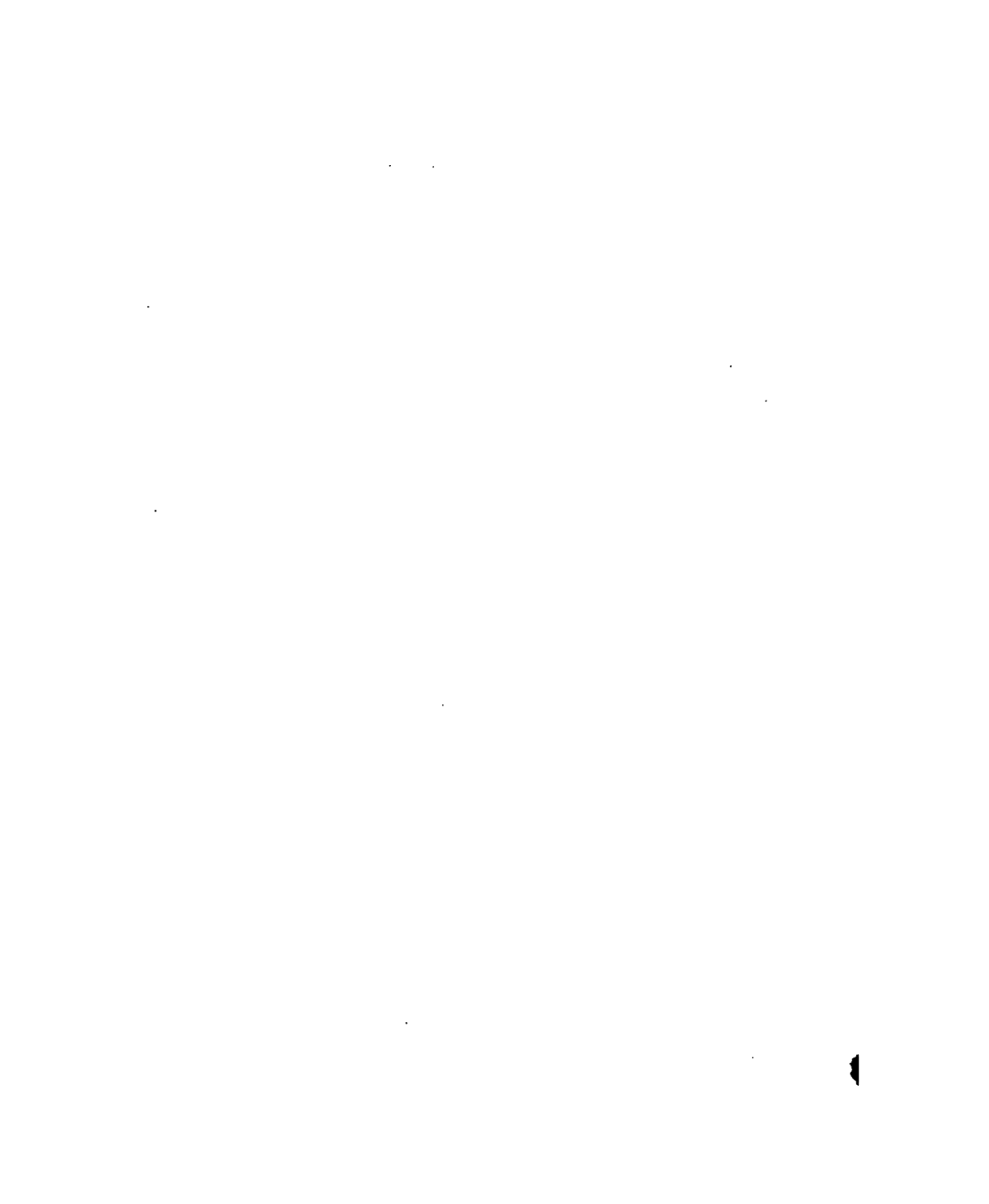


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SHORT STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

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P R E F A C E

THIS book is intended to be used as a supplementary historical reader for the fourth and fifth grades of our public schools, or for any other children from ten to twelve years of age. It is also designed for collateral reading in connection with the study of the more elementary text-books on American history.

The events herein told describe with some detail the perils, the arduous labors, the acts of self-denial, and the stanch patriotism of our forefathers. It is to be hoped that these narratives, instinct with human life, will afford pleasure and instruction to children and stimulate them to know more of their country's history. Personal anecdotes and incidents have been freely used, because experience shows that such materials serve a useful purpose in teaching elementary history.

So far as historical accuracy is concerned, these stories rest upon a substantial foundation. Reprints of old journals, original records and documents, and sundry other trustworthy sources have been diligently consulted. The actors and even the conversation may be considered real rather than imaginary.

It is suggested that teachers stimulate their pupils by supplementing and enriching this book with such additional materials as may be gathered from other sources.

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL
FRANCIS K. BALL

BOSTON, December, 1904



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SHORT STORIES

FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

CHAPTER I

SEARCHING FOR A NEW HOME

FOR sixty-three days the good ship Mayflower, from Plymouth, England, had battled with the wintry storms of the Atlantic. Driven far out of her course, the frail vessel had weathered the perilous shoals and head winds off Cape Cod and dropped anchor in the harbor at Provincetown. This was on the twenty-first of November, 1620.

On board this little vessel were one hundred and two men, women, and children. They were English people, who had come to make a home for themselves in far-off America, where they should be free to worship God as they pleased. They called themselves Pilgrims.

"Let us first thank God for all his goodness," Elder Brewster said, when the Mayflower was safe in the harbor.

So with one mind and one heart they all knelt on the deck and gave thanks to God, who had brought them

safely "over the vast and furious ocean, and set their feet on the firm and stable earth."

On this same Saturday, before anybody went ashore, a writing, or compact, was drawn up in the cabin of the Mayflower. Forty-one of the men signed it, using Elder Brewster's great chest for a table. In this compact they said they would defend one another and obey



THE MAYFLOWER

such laws as should be made. Then they chose, for one year, one of their best men as governor of the colony. This was John Carver, whom they all loved and were glad to obey.

Now we must keep in mind that the Mayflower remained at anchor a month in the harbor which she had first entered. During this time the Pilgrims made three trips along the shore of the great bay of Cape Cod in search of a place for their future home.

It was pitiful work, for it was bitter cold and the snow was deep. The men slept in the underbrush and were wet to the skin; they were also hungry most of the time.

One day, while going through the Truro woods, they came across a young tree bent to the ground, with some acorns scattered underneath.

"Perhaps it is a deer trap, which the Indians have set," said Stephen Hopkins.

"Let me look at it," said William Bradford, who was not very careful, perhaps, where he was stepping.

In a moment the trap sprung and he was caught in the noose. The future governor of the colony found



SIGNING THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER

himself suddenly jerked up by the leg in a way which must have made even those sober Pilgrims laugh.

Not many years before, most of the savages in this region had died of the plague. Their wigwams remained just as they had lived in them. There were baskets of parched corn, pieces of dried fish, wooden bowls, braided rush mats, and many other things for household use.

While the Pilgrims were tramping over the dreary sand hills and through the red cedar woods they often saw little mounds. They dug into one of them and found it to be a kind of cellar in which the Indians kept their winter supply of corn.

In one there was a basket "with six and thirty goodly ears of corn," some yellow, some red, and others mixed with blue. One large basket, prettily made, held from three to four bushels.

About ten bushels of this corn were taken back to the ship and kept for seed. Afterward the owners of the corn were found and paid.

Nearly a month had now passed, and still the wished-for home had not been located. The food was running short. Captain Jones, the master of the vessel, was eager to get rid of his passengers and sail back to England.

"There is a good harbor some twenty-five miles directly to the west," said Robert Coppin, the pilot of the Mayflower; "I have been there once, years ago, with Captain John Smith."

Indeed, on a clear day, they could see the blue headlands of this harbor from the deck of the Mayflower as she lay at anchor.

"Very well," said Governor Carver; "something must be done. Let us select our best men and sail along the coast to see how this harbor looks."

It was bitter cold on Wednesday, the sixth of December, but eighteen of the strongest men put off in their

shallop, or sailboat, for the third voyage along the coast. The sea was rough, and the clothing of the men, wet with spray, was soon frozen as stiff as a coat of iron.

Just before daybreak on Friday morning, while in camp, they heard a war whoop. In a moment the air was full of arrows; but when Captain Miles Standish and his men began firing their guns the savages ran away, for they were greatly afraid of these strangers who could make thunder and lightning when they pleased.

In the afternoon of the same day, while they were sailing along the shore, a heavy snowstorm set in and the sea began to be rough. In the midst of it all the rudder broke and the Pilgrims were in great peril.

When night came on the gale grew worse. With a crash the mast came down on their heads. The men rowed with all their might toward a sheltered cove.

"Lord be merciful! I never saw this place before!" cried Master Coppin, the pilot.

"About with her, or we are cast away!" the man steering shouted to the rowers.

"Yet by God's mercy," Governor Bradford afterward wrote in his famous journal, "we had the flood tide with us and struck into the harbor."

In the darkness the boat drifted into smooth water. The tide carried it under the lee of a rise of land, and drove it ashore on a strip of sandy beach. Here it rested till the sun rose bright and clear the next morning.

At daybreak the Pilgrims, numb with cold, found themselves on an island well out from the mainland. This land has ever since been known as Clarke's Island. It was so called after the mate of the Mayflower, who is said to have been the first man to step ashore.

The next day, which was the Sabbath, was spent in prayer and in reading the Bible.

Early Monday morning they rowed over to the main shore. There they found a beautiful spot with "corn-fields and little running brooks."

"We have found our home at last," said Captain Standish; "let us hurry back to the ship with the news."

With a fair wind, on Tuesday morning, the men eagerly directed the shallop across the bay to the tip end of Cape Cod, where the Mayflower lay at anchor.

While the men were coasting along the shore the women and children had been shut up in the little cabin of the Mayflower. They were sick at heart, but they watched and prayed and hoped for the best. But they had sad news to tell. Dorothy, the young wife of William Bradford, had fallen overboard and was drowned the day after her husband had sailed away in the shallop.

There was glad news too. A baby boy had been born. They gave the tiny stranger the name of Peregrine, or "stranger." This was the first child born of English parents in New England. At Plymouth you may still see in Pilgrim Hall the cradle in which Peregrine White was rocked.

It was six days now since the shallop had left the Mayflower. Late on Tuesday afternoon some of the women and girls stood on the high deck straining their eyes across the wide bay, hoping to catch a glimpse of the longed-for boat.

Ellen More, the little bound girl of the Winslow family, had sharp eyes. In her eagerness she climbed into the rigging and gazed toward the west.

"There they are!" she suddenly called out. "Mistress Winslow, I can see a white speck just over yonder sandy point. Yes, there it is! It's the shallop."



"God be praised! In truth I believe the girl is right," said gentle Rose Standish.

PEREGRINE WHITE'S
CRADLE, NOW IN PIL-
GRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH

Just after dark the men from the shallop climbed aboard the Mayflower. That night, in the main cabin, the story of the past week was told.

The beautiful sheltered bay was described, — the high hill sloping to the water's edge, the pretty brooks, and the great trees.

That night all on board the Mayflower must have fallen asleep with happy thoughts of their new home.

CHAPTER II

ON THE PLYMOUTH SHORE

ON the Friday after the return of the shallop the Mayflower weighed anchor, unfurled her stiffened sails, and headed for the mainland, straight across the great bay of Cape Cod. There was a strong head wind, however, and it was not until the next day, Saturday, December 21, 1620, that the good ship reached the harbor.

Six years before this, Captain John Smith, of Virginia, had visited this region and made a map of the harbor. The place where the Pilgrims decided to go ashore to explore was at the spot marked Plymouth on his map.

At this point the water was shallow and the Mayflower had to anchor more than a mile from the shore. At low tide it would be a long wade through the icy waters and even at high tide only a few at a time could be landed.

We are told that a young girl named Mary Chilton was allowed to go with the first party that left the ship. In her eagerness to get ashore she is said to have jumped from the boat to a large stone that lay half buried in the sand.

Whether this story is true or not nobody knows. At any rate the stone which rests under the canopy at Plymouth, and is now known as Plymouth Rock, is supposed to have been the landing place of the Pilgrims.

When the men slowly climbed the snow-covered hill they expected to find Indians lurking in the underbrush; but not a living creature was to be seen except the sea gulls which screamed over the heads of these strange visitors.

Here the brave Pilgrims meant to live the rest of their days. A town was laid out and a building lot was given to each member of the colony. The first street was called Leyden Street, from Leyden, Holland, where the Pilgrims first settled after leaving England. You may still walk along the same street, now nearly three hundred years old. But all work was slow. It took a long time to go to and from the vessel. Besides, the winter days were short, and rain and snow often put a stop to everything.



A PILGRIM'S LOG HOUSE

On Christmas the first house was raised. It was twenty feet square. In it the settlers stored their goods.

They next began to build their own log houses. Each house had a single large room, with a fireplace that

nearly filled one end. The children sitting at twilight by the great log fires could look up the big throat of the chimney and see the blue sky and the bright stars shining down upon them.

One day in the early spring an Indian came boldly into the little village. To their surprise, when he walked past the row of cabins, he called out, "Welcome, English!



SAMOSET'S FIRST VISIT TO THE
PILGRIMS

welcome, English!"

The Indian's name was Samoset. He was tall and straight and naked to the waist. He carried no weapons except a bow and two arrows. From the fishermen on the coast of Maine he had picked up a few English words.

The Pilgrims gave their guest "some biscuit, butter, cheese, and pudding" to eat. They let him stay over night in the log house of Stephen Hopkins; but one of the men watched him to see that he did no harm. The next day he was sent away with presents of a knife, a bracelet, and a ring.

In a few days Samoset came back with another Indian, named Squanto, who spoke English pretty well, for some years before this he had been stolen by a sea captain and carried to England.

After a time Squanto came to live with the Pilgrims. He showed his new friends how to hunt and to fish and to tread eels out of the mud; best of all, perhaps, he taught them how to catch the little fishes called alewives, and to put two or three of them into every hill of corn to make it grow faster.

Another Indian paid a friendly visit to the white-faced strangers who had come to dwell among the trees of the great forest. This was Massasoit, the chief of the Indians in this region. He came with sixty warriors.

The Pilgrims made a great noise with their drum and their trumpet, and the little company of soldiers put on their steel armor and fired off their guns.

Governor Bradford escorted King Massasoit to the largest log cabin, seated him on a mat, and placed cushions round him. He then gave him a copper chain and some colored beads.

All this greatly pleased the chief. He said he would be a good friend to the white men, and he kept his word until he died, more than fifty years afterward.

But the first winter was long and full of hardship. The Pilgrims did not have enough food to eat nor proper clothes to wear. The men had to wade to the shore through the icy water and work all day in their wet clothing. Until the log houses were built the women and children lived on board the Mayflower. They breathed the bad air of the small cabin and suffered from cold and hunger.

Then came sickness and death. On the twenty-first of November one hundred and two people had found shelter behind the long arm of Cape Cod, but before the first of April nearly half of them, including Governor Carver, had died. At one time there were only seven persons in the whole settlement well enough to wait on the sick. The good doctor, Samuel Fuller, must have been a busy man.

Captain Miles Standish, brave as a lion, but tender-hearted as a child, nursed the sick, cooked the food, and even washed the clothes.

Stout-hearted Elder Brewster, who could tend the sick as well as preach long sermons, kept up the courage of his people.

"It is not with us," he said, "as with men whom small things can discourage."

For fear the Indians might find out how many had died, the ground was made smooth over the graves of their loved ones, and corn was planted in the spring over their place of burial.

Bright and early after the sad winter came the spring. The south winds blew, the sun melted the snowdrifts, and by the third of March, as we read in Governor Bradford's Journal, the grass was green and the birds were singing merrily. Then the April showers pattered down, and the Pilgrims knew that spring had really come.

It was the sixteenth of April, and the morning on the Plymouth shore was warm and full of sunshine. Two

young Pilgrim girls, Remember Allerton and Humility Cooper, had just come back from a walk in the woods. Their hands were full of rose-tinted flowers they had picked among the dead leaves.

“God be praised! behold our mayflower here!” the good Elder Brewster had said only a few days before



PILGRIMS WATCHING THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER

when he first found the little sweet-smelling flower lifting its tender blossoms from beneath the edge of a snow bank.

This was many years ago; but ever since that time in the early days of spring boys and girls have been picking sweet mayflowers in the Plymouth woods.

This morning of April 16, 1621, was long remembered in the little Plymouth settlement. Five months before, the weather-beaten Mayflower had brought the Pilgrims

across the stormy ocean to the sandy shores of Cape Cod. This morning, on the full tide, she was ready to sail back to England.

“Look, girls!” said Remember Allerton; “see Desire Minter, Love Brewster, and Mary Chilton climbing Burial Hill. They are going to watch the Mayflower sail for our old home.”

“Yes, so they are,” said Humility Cooper, shading her eyes with her hand; “let us run and get to the top of the hill first. See! there is Captain Miles Standish getting ready to fire the cannon.”

With pale and sober faces the Pilgrims said farewell to the Mayflower, which had so long been their only home.

“Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
 Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
 Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
 Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
 Said, ‘Let us pray!’ and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and
 took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above
 them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their
 kindred

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that
 they uttered.

Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean,
 Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
 Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.”

Yet with all their hardships not one of the Pilgrims wanted to go back to England. They had crossed the

ocean to make homes for themselves in America. Here they could live in peace and worship God in their own simple way. They were content and happy.

And so, although they did not know it, this handful of earnest men and women on the Plymouth shore were beginning one of the first permanent settlements in the history of a great nation.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

ALL through the first summer and the early part of autumn the Pilgrims were busy and happy. They had planted and cared for their first fields of corn. They had found wild strawberries in the meadows, raspberries on the hillsides, and wild grapes in the woods.

In the forest just back of the village wild turkeys and deer were easily shot. In the shallow waters of the bay there was plenty of fish, clams, and lobsters.

The summer had been warm, with a good deal of rain and much sunshine; and so when the autumn came there was a fine crop of corn.

"Let us gather the fruits of our first labors and rejoice together," said Governor Bradford.

"Yes," said Elder Brewster, "let us take a day upon which we may thank God for all our blessings, and invite to it our Indian friends who have been so kind to us."

The Pilgrims said that one day was not enough; so they planned to have a celebration for a whole week. This took place most likely in October.

The great Indian chief Massasoit came with ninety of his bravest warriors, all gayly dressed in deerskins,

feathers, and foxtails, with their faces smeared with red, white, and yellow paint.

As a sign of rank Massasoit wore round his neck a string of bones and a bag of tobacco. In his belt he carried a long knife. His face was painted red, and his hair was so daubed with oil that Governor Bradford said he "looked greasily."

Now there were only eleven buildings in the whole of Plymouth village,—four log storehouses and seven little log dwelling houses; so the Indian guests ate and slept out of doors. This was no matter, for it was one of those warm weeks in the season we call Indian summer.

To supply meat for the occasion four men had already been sent out to hunt wild turkeys. They killed enough in one day to last the whole company almost a week.

Massasoit helped the feast along by sending some of his best hunters into the woods. They killed five deer, which they gave to their paleface friends, that all might have enough to eat.



A PILGRIM COLONIST

Under the trees were built long, rude tables on which were piled baked clams, broiled fish, roast turkey, and deer meat.

The young Pilgrim women helped serve the food to the hungry redskins.

Let us remember two of the fair girls who waited on the tables. One was Mary Chilton, who leaped from the



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

boat at Plymouth Rock; the other was Mary Allerton. She lived for seventy-eight years after this first thanksgiving, and of those who came over in the Mayflower she was the last to die.

What a merry time everybody had during that week! It may be they joked Governor Bradford about stepping into a deer trap set by the Indians, and being jerked up by the leg.

How the women must have laughed as they told about the first Monday morning at Cape Cod, when they all went ashore to wash their clothes!

It must have been a big washing, for there had been no chance to do it at sea, so stormy had been the long voyage of sixty-three days. They little thought that Monday would afterward be kept as wash day.

Then there was young John Howland, who in mid-ocean fell overboard but was quick enough to catch hold of a trailing rope. Perhaps after dinner he invited Elizabeth Tilley, whom he afterward married, to sail over to Clarke's Island and return by moonlight.

With them, it may be, went John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, whose love story is so sweetly told by Longfellow.

One proud mother, we may be sure, showed her bright-eyed boy, Peregrine White.

And so the fun went on. In the daytime the young men ran races, played games, and had a shooting match. Every night the Indians sang and danced for their friends; and to make things still more lively they gave every now and then a shrill war whoop that made the woods echo in the still night air.

The Indians had already learned to love and fear Captain Miles Standish. Some of them called him "Boiling Water," because he was easily made angry. Others called him "Captain Shrimp," on account of his small size.

Every morning the shrewd captain put on his armor and paraded his little company of a dozen or more soldiers; and when he fired off the cannon on Burial Hill the Indians must have felt that the English were men of

might, thus to harness up thunder and lightning.

During this week of fun and frolic it was a wonder if young Jack Billington did not play some prank on the Indians. He was the boy who fired off his father's gun one day, close to a keg of gunpowder, in the crowded cabin of the Mayflower.

The third day came. Massasoit had been well treated, and no



THE MEETING BETWEEN MILES
STANDISH AND MASSASOIT

doubt would have liked to stay longer, but he had said he could stay only three days. So the pipe of peace was silently passed round.

Then, taking their presents of glass beads and trinkets, the Indian king and his warriors said farewell to their English friends and began their long tramp through the woods to their wigwams on Mount Hope Bay.

On the last day of this thanksgiving party the Pilgrims had a service of prayer and praise. Elder Brewster preached the first thanksgiving sermon. After thanking God for all his goodness, he did not forget the many loved ones sleeping on the hillside.

He spoke of noble John Carver, the first governor, who had died of worry and overwork.

Nor was Rose Standish forgotten, the lovely young wife of Captain Miles Standish, whose death was caused by cold and lack of good food.

And then there was gentle Dorothy,

wife of Governor Bradford, who had fallen overboard from the Mayflower in Provincetown harbor, while her husband was coasting along the bleak shore in search of a place for a home.

This first thanksgiving took place nearly three hundred years ago. Since that time, almost without interruption, Thanksgiving has been kept by the people of New England as the great family festival of the year. At this time children and grandchildren return to the old home, the long table is spread, and brothers and sisters, separated often by many miles, again sit side by side.

To-day Thanksgiving is observed in nearly all the states of the Union, a season of sweet and blessed memories.



AN INDIAN PIPE OF
PEACE

CHAPTER IV

ALONE IN THE WOODS

ABOUT two hundred years ago there was cruel fighting between France and England to decide which of the two was to be master in America. The Indians for the most part fought on the side of the French.

Along the border of New England nearly every settlement suffered from large war parties of French and Indians, or from smaller scalping parties of savages that hid in the woods.

The settlers lived a life of constant peril. During the worst snowstorm of a midwinter night helpless women and children heard the dreadful war whoop. It was often their only warning. Sometimes the Indians lurked in the woods for weeks to get a chance to burn some lonely log cabin or to kill and scalp the men at work in the fields.

Few towns suffered so many hardships as Haverhill, Massachusetts. The Indians glided down the Merrimac River in their canoes and killed the settlers. Then they paddled up the river with the captive women and children and stole out of sight in the deep woods of New Hampshire.

One afternoon in the early autumn of 1695 two Haverhill boys were at work in an open field. The younger lad, Joseph Whittaker, was an overgrown, clumsy boy of eleven. Isaac Bradley, the older boy, was fifteen. He was small for his age, but quick to see and to act.

The two boys laughed over their work that lovely afternoon, and had no thought of the Indians; not a redskin had been seen or heard for several months. They looked now and then at the beautiful river and at the gay leaves of the maples and the oaks on the other side of the Merrimac. Perhaps they were telling stories of squirrels, woodchucks, or bears.



AN ATTACK ON A SETTLER'S CABIN

Suddenly two tall Indians ran out of the underbrush and carried the boys off into the thick woods before they had time to cry for help.

Sure of two prizes which they could trade for powder and guns or for rum, the Indians did not stop to do more mischief, but at once set out through the forest for the north.

The younger boy began to cry.

"We are in for it this time, Joe," said Isaac; "but come along and don't make a fuss. We shall get out of the scrape somehow."

"Yes," said Joseph, "but what will father and mother say to-night when I don't come home?"

"We can't help it now," replied Isaac; "and we must do the best we can."

So the boys went quietly along.

But a sharp lookout was kept to see that they did not run away. At night they were given roasted moose meat and parched corn to eat, but they were made to sleep bound hand and foot, with an Indian on each side of them.



CAPTURING THE BOYS

On the third day the Indians and their boy prisoners reached Lake Winnebaukee. On the shores of this beautiful water they met the small party of savages to which the two Indians belonged, and here they all made their camp for the winter.

Boylake, Isaac and Joe made the best of their new life. They became friends with the dogs and the children, and picked up a good many Indian words.

The Indians now grew less watchful. They treated the boys kindly and taught them to do things about the camp.

In the winter Joe was sick with a fever. He might have died if it had not been for the kind care of one of the squaws.

Spring was coming on. Isaac knew what that meant, and kept his eyes and ears open.

One day he heard an Indian say, "We will take the paleface boys to Canada when the snow is gone and sell them to the French."

From that day Isaac began to make plans to escape.

The boy knew that the settlements were far away to the south, but he dared not travel by day for fear the Indians would see him. And how could he make his way by night through the trackless forest, over the high hills, and across the deep rivers? Still he must risk it. He would rather die than be carried to Canada, for then he should never see his father and mother again.

Day after day he thought it over. He did not dare tell Joseph until the day before he was ready to go.

April came. The snow was almost gone. In a few days the Indians would break up their camp and start for Canada.

"Now or never," Isaac said to himself.

A short time before, the Indians had killed a moose. Isaac hid a piece of the meat in a hollow tree near the camp.

The looked-for day had come at last.

"Joe, I'm going to start to-night," the plucky boy said. "I'm afraid I can't take you, for you won't wake up."

"Oh, yes, I will, Ike!" cried Joe. "Just pinch me hard and I'll get right up."

It was past midnight. Dogs, children, squaws, and Indians were breathing heavily. Joseph, too, was fast asleep. Not so with Isaac. He was anxious and his eyes were wide open.

He got up slowly and carefully and stepped over the tawny bodies. After filling his pockets with parched corn he took a gun and hid it outside in the bushes. He now stole back and gave Joe a gentle shake.

"What do you want?" said the sleepy boy aloud, turning over on his side.

Isaac was frightened. He lay down in his place and began to snore. The Indians, however, did not wake up.

The boy now determined to go without his companion. He crept out of the wigwam and was going after his provisions, when he heard footsteps behind him. With beating heart he looked round. It was Joseph. He had waked up and, finding Isaac no longer there, started after him.

All was still. Far above them the silver stars were shining. Without a moment's delay the two boys started for their distant homes.

At daybreak they crept into a hollow log and were soon fast asleep.

There was a lively time in the Indian camp that morning. A gun was gone and the boys too!

The dogs found the boys' trail in the leaves and dashed into the woods. The Indians followed in swift pursuit. The dogs sniffed the log in which the boys lay hid and began to bark.

Isaac did not lose his wits. He called the animals softly and threw them some moose meat. They knew the boys and began to eat the meat. The Indians soon passed by without noticing what was going on. The dogs ate the meat and ran on after their masters.

Again night came on. The boys crawled out of the log and groped their way through the wilderness.

On the third day Isaac shot a bird and the hungry boys ate it raw. They found a turtle and crushed its head with a stone. Again they ate the meat raw. The next day they could find nothing to eat but roots and the buds of trees.

Three days more and the tired and hungry boys struck a trail, which they followed. It brought them at nightfall to an Indian camp!

Through the underbrush they saw the savages round their camp fires cooking moose meat. How good it smelled to those starving boys! But one look and one sniff were enough. Away they went as fast as their tired legs could go.

On the eighth day Joseph lagged behind. He was weak from hunger and hard tramping. Toward night he fell in a faint. Isaac brought him water and some nuts.

"Don't give up, Joe. We shall soon be out of the woods," said Isaac.

"Go on and leave me, Ike," pleaded the fainting boy; "I can't take another step."

Isaac made him a bed of leaves.

"I will go on a little and see if I can find my way out," said the older boy. "Don't move till I come back for you."

The noble little fellow was himself ready to fall. His hands and his feet were torn and bleeding. But he pushed on till he came to a clearing and a newly built log cabin.

The house he found empty, but he knew there must be a trail and settlers not far away.

He now hurried back for Joe, and found the boy fast asleep.

"Hurrah, Joe! We are all right! I've found a house."

He brought more water for him in a piece of bark, bathed his face and neck, and rubbed his aching legs.

At last Joe stood up.



TRAMPING THROUGH THE
WILDERNESS

Isaac was a small boy, but he was strong and full of grit. He coaxed, he scolded, he pulled the sick boy on by the arms. Sometimes he carried him on his back, and sometimes Joe was able to drag himself along for a few rods.

During the ninth day they struck a beaten path, and before night reached a fort on the Saco River, in Maine. Here they told their story to the soldiers.

Isaac rested a few days and then again set out for his home in Haverhill.

Great was the joy in the Bradley family when one day the boy came walking into his father's house.

As for Joseph, he was sick with a fever many weeks. It was not till late in the autumn that his father went to Maine and brought home his long-lost son.

CHAPTER V

CATHERINE, THE OJIBWAY GIRL

IT was the year 1763. The war between the French and the English was over. The lilies of France had waved over the log forts along the Great Lakes for the last time.

A little settlement on the Detroit River was at this time one of the most distant and important outposts of Canada. For sixty years it had been a kind of gate to the Great Lakes.

The center of the settlement was a fort, within which were one hundred log cabins. The fort was surrounded by a log fence twenty-five feet high, guarded by one hundred and twenty redcoats and about forty fur traders.

Within sight of the fort, on the banks of the river, were the wigwams of three Indian tribes,—the Ojibways, the Ottawas, and the Pottawottomies. (See Map, page 95.)

Here lived an Indian chief who was one of the few truly great Indians. He ruled with an iron hand three powerful tribes in what is now Michigan. The fame of his wisdom and his skill as an orator and a warrior had spread far and wide, from the sources of the Ohio to the head of the Mississippi. He was the great Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas.

With the downfall of Canada his people had lost power. He saw that the settlers were driving the Indians from their best hunting grounds. The French told him the English meant to root out the whole Indian race.

The savage chieftain thirsted for revenge, and formed the greatest plot ever entered into by the Indians of America. The tribes of the far West were to be joined together to destroy all the British settlements.

For nearly a year now, through the deep forests, north to the Great Lakes and south to the mouth of the mighty Mississippi, Pontiac's light-footed messengers had been hurrying.

The burning words of the great chief had sunk deep into the hearts of the warriors. In a hundred villages throughout the Western wilderness the savages were singing their war songs and whetting their scalping knives.

On May 6, 1763, the war was to begin. The blow at Fort Detroit was to be struck by Pontiac himself.

On the afternoon of May 5 the wife of a Canadian settler rowed across the Detroit River and visited the Ottawa village to buy maple sugar.

When she walked among the wigwams she was surprised to see some of the warriors sawing off the ends of their gun barrels.

"I believe those redskins are up to some mischief," the woman said to her friends on her return home.

"I am sure of it," said the village blacksmith; "for they have been trying to borrow my files and saws."

Word was sent at once to Major Gladwin, the commander of the fort; but he laughed and paid no heed to the warning.



CATHERINE REVEALS HER SECRET

On this same afternoon Catherine, a beautiful Ojibway girl, came to the fort, bringing a pair of moccasins as a present for Major Gladwin.

The young Indian girl was downcast. She soon left the room, but lingered at the door.

"What's the matter, my pretty girl?" asked a young officer.

Not a word would Catherine speak. Still she waited at the door, although it was nearly time to close the great gate of the fort.

The young officer, after watching the girl for a while, told his commander that something was wrong.

Calling Catherine to him, Major Gladwin asked her why she was so sad.

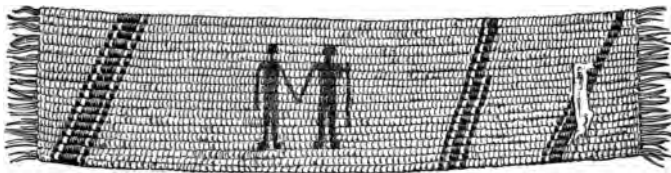
The girl only shook her head.

Gladwin now tried to coax her to tell her secret. He said he would not betray her.

The Indian girl loved the commander dearly, and could no longer resist his pleading.

"The warriors have sawed off the ends of their gun barrels," she said, "so they can carry their guns hid under their blankets.

"To-morrow morning Pontiac and his warriors are coming. He and sixty of his chiefs will enter the fort to hold a council. The great chief will make a speech.



WAMPUM, OR INDIAN MONEY, MADE OF SHELLS OR BEADS

"At the end of the speech he will present you a peace belt made of wampum. When he turns the belt it will be a signal to kill you and all the officers. The Indians outside will kill the soldiers."

With these words the girl went away.

Major Gladwin without a moment's delay made ready to defend his fort. It was a sleepless night. To the sentinels on the log fence came the sound of Indian drums and the yells of the savages dancing about their midnight fires across the river.

Soon after sunrise hundreds of warriors, squaws, and children filled the open ground behind the fort and began to play ball.

About ten o'clock Pontiac with sixty chiefs was seen stalking toward the fort. The savages were wrapped to their chins in bright-colored blankets, under which they carried their rifles.

They were tall, strong Indians, with their long black hair hanging over their foreheads like lions' manes. Their faces were daubed with white lead and soot, and their high cheek bones were smeared with red and yellow paint.

When Pontiac strode through the big gate of the fort he uttered a low cry of surprise, for within the gateway two rows of soldiers were ready to receive him, every log house was shut, and at the corners stood the fur traders heavily armed.

The tap of a drum was heard as Pontiac, followed by his chiefs in single file, marched slowly through the narrow street to the council house.

There sat Major Gladwin in full uniform, with sword at his side and a pair of pistols in his belt.

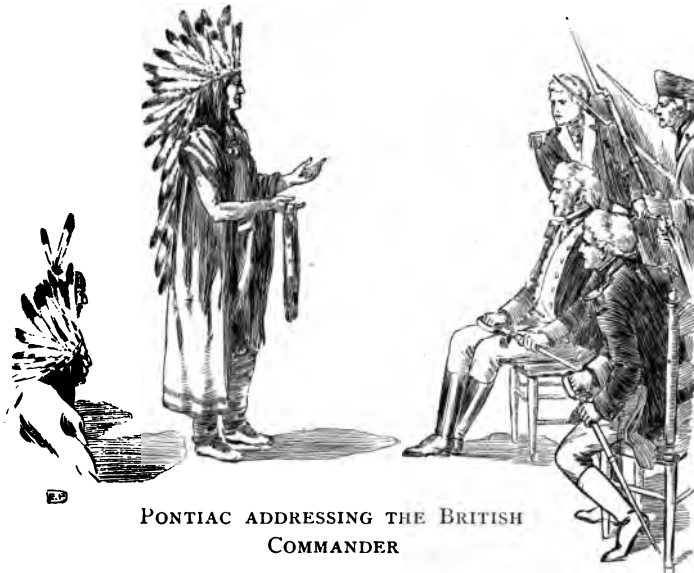
"Why do I see so many of my father's young men in the street with their guns?" Pontiac inquired.

"I drill my men every morning, noble chief," replied the English commander, "to keep them from being lazy."

It was a strange sight, the warriors sitting on their mats, Pontiac standing erect, holding in his hand the

belt of wampum which was to give the fatal signal! In the silence the breathing of the excited men could be plainly heard.

Major Gladwin's eyes were fixed upon the wampum belt. At any moment the death struggle might begin.



PONTIAC ADDRESSING THE BRITISH
COMMANDER

The fort had few defenders, while within gunshot were a thousand dusky warriors.

Pontiac said he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, and would be a friend to his English brothers.

When his speech was done he stood for a few moments still and silent, his fierce eyes glittering. He then slowly raised the wampum belt.

Quick as a flash Gladwin made a slight motion.

In an instant the roll of a drum was heard and the clank of muskets. The sound filled the council room and echoed down the narrow streets of the stockade.

The baffled chief stood as if dazed. He was sure at last that his plot had been discovered. After a moment he sat down.

Major Gladwin made a brief reply to Pontiac's speech and the council broke up.

The big gates of the fort were opened. Pontiac and his painted warriors strode out and were rowed across the river to their wigwams.



DEFENDING A FRONTIER FORT

Pontiac's War, as it is called, now broke out and spread along the Western border.

Oh, what cruel and bloody deeds were done! At one time, through the vast region of the Great Lakes, except at this garrison of Fort Detroit, not a soldier was left to fight for England's rule. For over a year Pontiac and his savages tried to capture this fort, but every attempt failed.

Of course you will ask what became of Catherine, the Indian girl who gave the timely warning. Only one thing is certain, — Major Gladwin never betrayed her secret.

The story of her after life is unknown, and nobody knows her grave. But who has not heard of the beautiful city of Detroit? We must not forget that it was once saved from the fierce hand of Pontiac by the faithfulness of this Ojibway maiden.

CHAPTER VI

A WILD NIGHT IN BOSTON TOWN

“GEORGE, be a king!” the queen of England had been saying to her son ever since he was a lad.

Years passed. The boy grew to manhood and became a king.

This man, George the Third of England, sometimes showed great wisdom, but he was selfish and stubborn. He hated the men of England and America who stood up for the rights of the people, and so trouble soon arose between him and his American subjects.

The quarrel grew more and more bitter. The king was chiefly to blame, for he would not listen to a word of reason from our forefathers. Year after year he and his friends imposed unjust taxes, and year after year our people refused to pay them.

“Pay the taxes,” said the king, “or I will send my redcoats over and make you.”

But our forefathers were unwilling to obey unjust laws which they had had no hand in making.

In the autumn of 1768 two regiments of British troops arrived at Boston. By the king's order the soldiers were to have greater power than the civil officers.

The coming of the redcoats made the people very angry. At church time on the following Sunday troopers were racing horses on the Common, a regiment was parading through the streets, and British bands were playing "Yankee Doodle" and "Nancy Dawson."

The people soon hated the soldiers and called them bad names. The soldiers on their part returned insult with insult.

There was trouble also with the men who tried to collect the king's taxes. One day in February, 1770, a



A TAX COLLECTOR FIRES INTO A PARTY OF SCHOOLBOYS

party of schoolboys pelted one of these men and chased him to his home. The man was in no danger, but he opened a window and fired into the crowd. A boy named Snider was killed.

At the funeral of the lad five hundred school children marched to the burying ground. Fully as many citizens, too, walked in the funeral procession.

Ten days later there was a fight on the Common between some rope makers and the soldiers. The redcoats had the worst of it and swore they would have revenge.

So things went on from bad to worse until Monday night, the eventful fifth of March, 1770.

There had been a slight fall of snow during the day, but the moon was now shining in the clear winter sky. It was a few minutes past nine o'clock. Crowds of people were standing on the street corners; here and there were scattered groups of soldiers.

Quarrels arose. The men and boys pelted the redcoats with snowballs and stones, and the soldiers dealt blows with their guns.

"Drive the rascals out! They have no business here!" somebody shouted.

The bell in the brick meetinghouse near by began to clang, and hundreds of people rushed from their doors into the streets.

"Where is the fire?" they asked.

"There is no fire! It's a fight with the redcoats!" answered the crowd.

"Every man to his house!" cried many sober-minded citizens.

Some heeded the warning and went home.

"There goes a mean fellow! He has n't paid my master for dressing his hair!" shouted a boy, as Captain Goldfinch crossed Exchange Street.

A sentinel on the corner ran after the young fellow.

"Take that, you young rebel!" he said, and struck the lad over the head with his musket.

The boy picked himself up and, followed by a crowd, went down the street, telling his story to everybody.

"There's the lobsterback who knocked me down," cried the barber's boy, pointing to a soldier close by.

"Knock him down!" "Kill him!" "Kill him!" shouted a score of voices.

The sentinel called loudly for help.

Up King Street, now State Street, hurried Captain Preston with a file of soldiers on the double-quick.

The men loaded and primed their guns.

"Take your men back! If they fire, your life must answer for it!" cried a Cornhill bookseller.

"I know what I'm about," answered Preston.

There they stood, a squad of redcoats with their muskets raised, and a hundred or more angry men and half-grown boys crowding up almost to the muzzles of the soldiers' guns.

"You lobsterbacks!" they yelled. "Fire if you dare!"

The soldiers fired.

"Shoulder arms! right about face! forward! march!"

The soldiers were gone to their barracks; but seven Americans were wounded and five more lay dead.

Oh, it was a wild night for Boston town, that fifth of March! Church bells pealed in the midnight air, drums beat the long roll, and a roar of voices filled the narrow streets.

“ To arms! to arms!” was heard everywhere.

Then came Governor Hutchinson and the British commander, and word was brought that Captain Preston



A SQUAD OF BRITISH REGULARS FIRE INTO A CROWD
OF UNARMED CITIZENS

and his men were arrested. The streets grew quiet, and before daylight doors were shut and the tired people went to their beds.

The next afternoon the streets round the Old South Meetinghouse were blocked by thousands of people. The patriots were holding a meeting.

They chose seven men to go to the royal governor and his council to tell the wrongs the people of Boston had suffered. They were to ask, also, that the British army should be removed from the town.

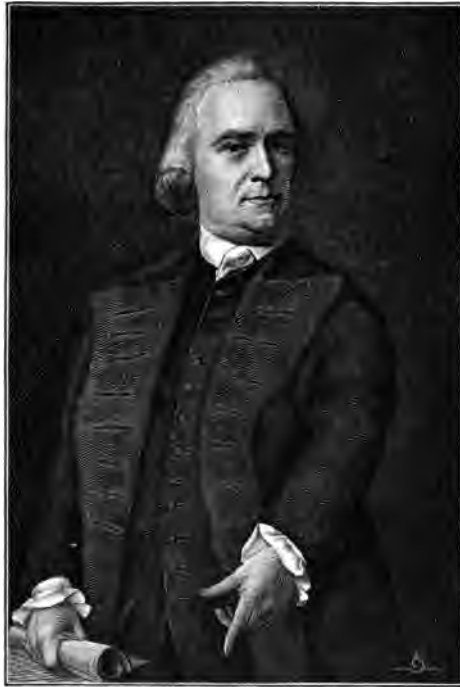
The governor said he would remove one regiment but not both.

Back to the Old South Meetinghouse gravely went the committee to make their report.

"Both regiments or none!" answered three thousand voices.

Again the seven men, with Samuel Adams at their head, returned to the town-hall. This time the patriots were not to be trifled with.

Stretching forth his long right arm and pointing his finger at the royal governor, Samuel Adams spoke with warning voice.



SAMUEL ADAMS, THE "FATHER OF
THE REVOLUTION"

"The voice of ten thousand free men," he said, "demands that both regiments be at once removed. Their voice must be respected and their demands obeyed. Fail, then, at your peril."

"I observed his knees to tremble," said the old patriot in after years. "I saw his face grow pale, and I enjoyed the sight."

Before dark an order was given to send both regiments to Castle William, out in the harbor. Not until then did the gathering in the Old South Meetinghouse break up.

Such was the Boston Massacre, as it is generally called. It roused our forefathers anew against British rule, and many felt they must soon take up sword and musket against old England, the land they had loved so well.

CHAPTER VII

SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER

IT was the summer of 1776, in South Carolina. The June breeze was lifting the green leaves of the palms and stirring the branches of the dark pines. The air was sweet with the perfume of flowers.

All this was beautiful and dear to the people of Charleston, but they were in great alarm. Out in the harbor Sir Peter Parker, with his big war ships, was doing his best to batter down the little fort which was the only protection to the city.

From the walls of the fort a blue banner was flying, adorned with a white crescent and the word "Liberty."

During the worst of the battle the staff was shot away, and down went the flag outside the walls.

They were all brave men who were fighting for their country that hot June day, but there was one soldier who was called the bravest of the brave.

When the flag fell this young fellow leaped out on the beach. There lay the piece of blue at the other end of the fort. With shot and shell flying fast, he walked over to the flag, tore it from its broken staff, and came calmly back; then, climbing up, he fastened the banner to a new

pole and unfurled it to the breeze. After giving three cheers he went quietly back to his cannon, which he served the rest of the day.

This soldier who was so quiet and so brave in time of great danger was young Sergeant Jasper.

The following day hundreds of people came down from the town to visit Fort Sullivan and to praise Colonel Moultrie and his gallant men. Among the visitors was Governor Rutledge.



COLONEL WILLIAM MOULTRIE

"Send for Sergeant Jasper," said the governor when he had shaken hands with Moultrie and his officers; "I want to see this brave young fellow."

Sergeant Jasper modestly stood before the governor.

"I thank you, my brave sergeant, in the name of South Carolina, for saving the flag of your regiment," said Governor Rutledge.

Then taking his own handsome small sword which hung at his side, the governor gave it to the astonished Jasper, saying, "Take this as a reward for your bravery and an incitement to further deeds of valor."

Governor Rutledge offered the young sergeant a lieutenant's commission, but Jasper, who could neither read nor write, would not accept it.

"I am only a sergeant," he said; "I am not fit to keep company with officers."

Three days after this defense of Fort Sullivan, Mrs. Susanna Elliott, one of the most beautiful women of South Carolina, gave Colonel Moultrie's regiment a handsome pair of colors. One of them was made of fine blue silk, the other of red silk "richly wrought."

"Gentlemen soldiers," the fair lady said, "your gallant behavior in defense of your country entitles you to the highest honor. Accept these two standards as a reward justly due to your regiment; and I make no doubt but that under Heaven's protection you will stand by them so long as they can wave in the air of liberty."

On another occasion, when Sergeant Jasper was returning to camp from one of his scouting expeditions, he was greatly moved by the story of a Mrs. Jones. Her husband, who had left the king's cause, had been



GOVERNOR RUTLEDGE PRESENTING HIS
SWORD TO SERGEANT JASPER

captured by the British, and was then in irons on his way to Savannah to be hanged the next day.

"Let us capture the guard and rescue the poor fellow," said Jasper to Sergeant Newton, his only comrade. "There are only eight of them, and two of us are more than their match."



JASPER'S BOLD RESCUE OF A PRISONER
FROM THE BRITISH

The two sergeants hid near a spring a few miles from Savannah. Just as Jasper thought they would do, the guards, with their prisoner, stopped to get a drink. Only two of the redcoats guarded the prisoner. The others, leaving their muskets against a tree, started toward the water.

Leaping from the bushes, the sergeants snatched two of the guns, shot the two guards, and seized the rest of the muskets. The six unarmed guards surrendered. The irons were knocked off the wrists of the prisoner and a gun was put into his hands. Early the next morning the whole party marched into the American camp, and Jasper and his friend were relieved of their prisoners.

The place where this deed was done is still known as Jasper Spring, and is marked with a tablet.

Jasper took the lead in so many bold exploits that it is a wonder he lived as long as he did; but at last, three years after the victory at Fort Sullivan, he met his death on the field of battle.

In the autumn of 1779 the Americans and French made an ill-fated attempt to storm the British lines at Savannah.

As usual, Jasper's regiment was at the front. In the hottest part of the attack two officers who were carrying the colors were wounded. A third officer seized the two flags, but he, too, was mortally hurt.

Jasper, already wounded, sprang forward and picked up the colors. He had just placed them on the top of the redoubt when he received a second shot. In a few hours all was over with the brave sergeant.

"Tell Mrs. Elliott," the dying man said, "that I lost my life supporting the colors she gave our regiment."



THE JASPER MONUMENT AT
SAVANNAH

In the city of Savannah stands a monument crowned with a statue of the young soldier. On the base are the following words:

TO THE HEROIC MEMORY OF SERGEANT WILLIAM
JASPER, WHO, THOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED, RESCUED
THE COLORS OF HIS REGIMENT IN THE ASSAULT
ON THE BRITISH LINES ABOUT THIS CITY, OCTOBER
9, 1779. A CENTURY HAS NOT DIMMED
THE GLORY OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN SOLDIER
WHOSE LAST TRIBUTE TO CIVIL LIBERTY
WAS HIS NOBLE LIFE

1779-1879

CHAPTER VIII

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

IT was now late in the autumn of 1773, more than three years since the Boston Massacre. King George had taken the taxes off everything except tea. He said he must keep this tax to show the Yankees that he had the right to tax them.

"We don't mind paying a few extra cents on tea," said the patriots; "but you have no right to make us pay this money, because you won't let us help make the laws."

"Never mind about that," said the king; "you must buy this tea or go without."

Rather than obey, the women of Boston made drink from raspberry and sage leaves and from sassafras. But the people had plenty of real tea, also, which the sea captains brought in secretly, without tax, from Holland and the East Indies.

"I will see about this," said the stubborn ruler when he heard what his American subjects were doing; "I'll outwit those upstart Yankees yet."

So he made a bargain with the London merchants by which they could sell tea cheaper here with the tax on it than our own merchants could sell the untaxed tea.

This trick made our people angry.

"We will not buy this taxed tea," they said; "and more than that, none of it shall be landed in this country."

To be sure, three ships did land their tea in Charleston, South Carolina, but nobody dared sell it. It was stored in damp cellars and left to spoil.

In Philadelphia the shipowners were frightened by a great crowd of men, and were glad to sail back to England.



THE PATRIOTIC WOMEN OF BOSTON SERVING TEA MADE OF
RASPBERRY LEAVES

In New York the same thing happened.

The tea agents in Boston would not resign.

"Have n't we the royal governor? Has n't he a regiment of soldiers and war ships in the harbor?" said the

agents to a committee of patriots. "We are going to land our cargo as soon as the ships are fast at the wharves."

Three ships were expected at any moment. The whole country was watching Boston to see what the people would do when the vessels came into port.

Now it was Sunday morning late in November. The people were coming home from meeting. They were talking over the sermon about standing up for their rights against the king's insults.

Suddenly the street was filled with shouts. Everybody stopped to listen.

"The tea ships are coming! The Dartmouth is sailing up the bay!"

Men and boys rushed down to the wharves.

What was to be done?

Nobody knew.

On Monday morning bright and early there was a town meeting in the Old South Meetinghouse. The church and the streets near by were full of people. John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Doctor Warren, and many other great patriot leaders were there.

"Send the tea back to England in the ships that brought it!" somebody shouted.

"The only way to get rid of it," one bold patriot cried from the gallery, "is to throw it overboard!"

In the meantime the other two ships, the Eleanor and the Beaver, came sailing up the bay and anchored beside the Dartmouth at Griffin's Wharf.

A guard of twenty-five young men watched the three vessels night and day to see that not a single chest was put on shore.

"I will be one of the guards myself," said the rich John Hancock, "rather than there should be none."

Far and wide the towns of the old Bay State pledged themselves to stand by Boston "at the risk of their lives and property." Horses stood saddled and bridled, ready to carry the alarm. On the hilltops fires were made ready to kindle if the vessels tried to land their goods.

The royal governor would not budge an inch.

"The tea must be landed," he said.

"Try it," said the stout-hearted patriots, "and ten thousand men will come marching into Boston with their muskets and drive every redcoat out of the city."

The stubborn old governor ordered the ships not to leave port until they had landed their cargoes, and he sent two war ships to guard the channel.

Now the law was, as everybody knew, that the ships must land their goods within twenty days after their arrival. The twenty days would soon be over. Everybody felt as if something were going to happen.

The sixteenth of December came. In the midst of a drizzling rain the people gathered again at the Old South Meetinghouse, and again it was filled to overflowing. The meeting lasted nearly all day. The leading patriots made speeches, and the people shook the roof with their cheers.

"Shall the tea be landed?"

"No!" "no!" "no!" shouted everybody.

In the afternoon the people waited for the return of Mr. Rotch, the owner of the tea ships. He had gone into the country to ask the royal governor for leave to take his unloaded ships away from Boston.

Meantime it had cleared off crisp and cold. The clock in the steeple struck five. It was growing dark, and the few candles lighted the church but dimly.

Mr. Samuel Adams rose.

"Mr. Rotch has come," he said. "Mr. Moderator, let us hear what he has to say."

"I cannot send back my ships," said the poor fellow; "the governor will not give me a pass."

"A mob! a mob!" some shouted in their anger.

"Order! order, gentlemen!" called the moderator.

The call to order rose above the confusion and was heeded.

Then came a moment of intense silence.

"Did anybody ever think," shouted John Rowe from the gallery, "how tea would mix with salt water?"

The house rang with cheers.

"Order! order!" again shouted the moderator.

Again Mr. Adams rose. Quietly, but in a voice that could be heard in all parts of the room, he said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

The words were the signal which had been agreed upon.

A war whoop was heard from outside. Forty or more men dressed like Indians and carrying hatchets were seen running down the street toward Griffin's Wharf.



THE INDIANS THROWING THE TEA
OVERBOARD INTO BOSTON
HARBOR

The "Indians" leaped quickly over the sides of the tea ships, and before the nine o'clock bell rang they had hoisted three hundred and forty-two tea chests to the deck, smashed them open with their hatchets, and thrown their contents overboard.

Crowds of people stood on the wharves. They were so quiet that the blows of the hatchets could be plainly heard.

Nobody was allowed to carry away any of the tea.

It is said that one of the "Indians" found a handful of it in his shoe.

He sealed it in a bottle and preserved it as a souvenir of this exciting occasion.

The next morning the "Sons of Liberty" caught somebody carrying home part of a chest of tea which he had picked up on the shore.

He was marched to the Common and made to put the chest on top of a big bonfire in front of John Hancock's fine stone mansion. The great man himself stood at the front door to witness the act.

Who were the "Mohawk Indians?"

Nobody can say for certain who they were.

One "Indian" named Hewes said that while he was busy breaking open a tea chest the blanket slipped from the arm of the man next him and showed the well-known red velvet sleeve and point lace ruffle of John Hancock.

It is likely that Doctor Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, and Paul Revere, famous for his midnight ride, were also among them.

Such was the famous tea party in Boston Harbor so many years ago. Swift riders carried the good news everywhere. There was ringing of bells and every sign of joy among the colonists. All rejoiced because Boston had not yielded to the wishes of the unjust king.



THE OLD HANCOCK MANSION
THAT STOOD ON BEACON
STREET, BOSTON, UNTIL
TORN DOWN IN 1863

CHAPTER IX

HOW LYDIA DARRAH SERVED HER COUNTRY

LYDIA DARRAH, a young Quaker woman, was sitting by her fireside, in Philadelphia, one bitter cold afternoon in December, 1777.

Lydia Darrah longed to serve her country. While she looked out of her window this snowy afternoon she was thinking of Washington and his army shivering at Whitemarsh.

There had been sharp fighting about Philadelphia and the patriots were having a hard time. In September Washington was driven from the field at the Brandywine. A month later the patriot army met defeat at Germantown. And now Washington and his "ragged Continentals" were suffering many hardships in camp, while General Howe, the British commander, was wintering his men in Philadelphia in ease and luxury.

One of General Howe's chief officers had rented rooms of Lydia Darrah. Since the house was in a quiet spot it soon became a favorite place for British officers to meet and talk over their plans.

"Mistress Lydia," the British officer had said to her on the morning that our story opens, "I expect some friends

here to-night; I want you to have the back room upstairs ready. And as they are likely to stay late, be sure and see that your folks are in bed at an early hour.

"When my friends are ready to go," continued the officer, "I will call you, that you may let them out and put out the fire and the candles."

"It shall be done as thee orders," quietly said the young Quaker woman.

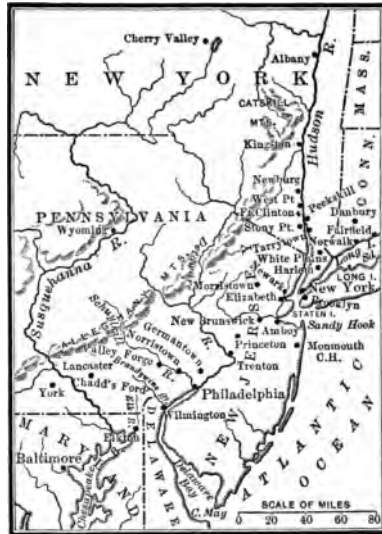
Sure enough, several of Howe's chief officers came to the house that evening as if on important business. The family were all in bed except Lydia, who sat up to open the door.

"You may go to bed now, Mistress Lydia," said the officer, "and I will rap on your door when my guests are ready to go."

Lydia went to her room and lay down without undressing. She was restless and could not sleep.

"What were those officers talking about?" she thought. "Why did they have this secret meeting at her house? Did n't it mean harm to Washington and his army?"

All these things and a great many more came rushing into her mind as she lay there wide awake.



All of a sudden Lydia slid from her bed and stole from her room in her stocking feet. Still as a mouse she crept down the hall to the door of the officer's chamber.



LYDIA LISTENING AT THE
KEYHOLE

She put her ear to the keyhole and listened.

What did she hear?

It was the voice of her lodger reading aloud an order from Sir William Howe.

"To-morrow night," the officer read, "the troops will secretly quit the city and march out to attack and capture, if possible, the American army at Whitemarsh."

Lydia had heard enough.

With her heart beating fast she softly made her way back to bed, but not to sleep.

An hour went by.

Rap! rap!

It was a knock at her door. The officers were ready to go home.

Rap! rap! louder than before.

"How soundly that young woman sleeps!" muttered the British officer.

Rap! rap! rap!

This time the knocking was loud and sharp.

"I shall be ready in a moment," answered a sleepy voice.

Lydia opened the street door for her midnight callers, then put out the lights and the fires and went back to bed.

Not a wink of sleep for her the rest of the night. She had now in her keeping a great secret.

What should she do? How should she warn General Washington of his peril? Should she wake up her husband and tell him? No, she alone would take all the risk.

As she thought over her plans the good woman prayed that God might help her in what she hoped to do.

Long before daybreak she got up. She told her husband that the flour was out and she must go over to the mill at Frankfort to get some.

"Yes," said the good man; "but thee must take a servant for company."

But Lydia went alone.

Bright and early the earnest woman started for General Howe's head-

quarters to ask permission to go through the British lines. She easily got her pass and at once set out on her long walk through the snow. The flour mill was nearly five miles away.



LYDIA TELLING HER STORY TO THE
AMERICAN PICKETS

Leaving her bag at the mill, she hurried on to the American outposts. There she was stopped by a sentinel and taken before Colonel Craig, commander of the pickets. To him she told her story.

When she had finished she begged him to keep her name a secret and hastened back to the mill. Then, with the bag of flour over her shoulder, she made her way back to town.

It was so early that nobody had noticed her absence.

Thursday evening after dark the whole British force left Philadelphia. From her window Lydia Darrah saw the long line of redcoats and heard the sharp commands of the officers as the army marched quickly by.

"Had Washington received her message? Would he be on his guard?" she said to herself.

At daybreak Friday, when the British drew near Whitemarsh, the patriot army was seen drawn up in line of battle. Lydia's message had reached headquarters and Washington was ready to fight.

General Howe had a wholesome respect for Washington's skill, as a soldier, and so did not dare make the attack. There was, however, a good deal of marching to and fro and some fighting.

"On the following Monday," wrote Washington to Congress, "the British decamped very hastily and marched back to Philadelphia."

It was a nice little trap that General Howe had set, but Washington acted too quickly to be caught.

But how about the meek little Quaker woman? Would anybody think it was she who spoiled the plans of the British commander?

"Come to my room, Mistress Lydia; I want to ask you something," said the redcoat lodger the morning after his return.

With fear and trembling she obeyed.

"Were any of your family up," asked the officer, "on the night I had company in my room?"

"No, indeed, sir," replied Lydia; "they were all in bed at eight o'clock, just as I was bidden by thee."

The officer seemed puzzled. He looked long and hard at Lydia's calm face.

"It is strange," he said; "and yet you were sound asleep, for I rapped on your door three times before you heard me. In some way or another Washington, the sly old fox, got wind of our plan. He was ready for us, and all we could do was to march back to town like a parcel of fools."

The British continued their merry life that winter in Philadelphia, while the patriot army, after leaving White-marsh, lay shoeless and half starved in the camp at Valley Forge.

It was long after the war for our independence was over before Lydia Darrah's secret was told.

CHAPTER X

THE BRAVERY OF ELIZABETH ZANE

ON the spot where the city of Wheeling, West Virginia, now stands, a stockade was built and named Fort Henry in honor of Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia. Close at hand were some twenty log cabins, the homes of the settlers.

It was a lovely autumn morning in 1776. The fog from the Ohio River had been chased away by the warm sun and birds were chirping among the trees. But there was no joy in the little settlement, for at sunset on the day before a scout had come with evil tidings.

"That traitor Girty," he said, "with a large party of Indians, is making his way up the Ohio and is already within a few miles of the fort."

Every man, woman, and child sought shelter within the stockade.

In the night, down the valley of the river, could be seen the blaze of a burning blockhouse and log cabins.

At daybreak Captain Mason led out a few men to look for Indians.

A war whoop broke from a neighboring field, and without a moment's warning the savages hiding in the

corn and high weeds fell upon the little scouting party. When the smoke cleared away some of the men were seen fighting their way back to the fort, but more than half lay dead.

Captain Ogle went to the rescue with twelve riflemen. Bullets and tomahawks thinned their ranks, and only a few, running for their lives, got back to the stockade.

In the face of a hundred howling savages the big gate of the fort was shut and bolted. Crowded together behind the high fence were some fifty women and children with less than twenty men and boys to defend them. The three leaders in the fort were the brothers Ebenezer and Silas Zane and Colonel Sheppard, all fearless Indian fighters.

Suddenly the war whoops stopped and there was deep silence.



SETTLERS ON THE FRONTIER SEEKING
SHELTER IN THE STOCKADE

What had happened?

The people in the stockade did not have to wait long for an answer. Simon Girty, the most hated white man on the frontier, was seen striding toward them, waving a white flag.

"Surrender the fort!" he shouted with an oath. "I



A STOCKADED FORT ON THE OHIO RIVER

have four hundred Indians here, and I'll take it in five minutes and kill every one of you."

"Surrender? No! We will never give up to you or to any

other white traitor while there is one of us left to fight!" Colonel Sheppard answered.

Girty was angry. He shook his fist at the fort and, turning, waved his hand. With yells the Indians rushed to the attack.

Bravely did the little band of frontier people fight. The men and boys used their long rifles with deadly effect. Some of the women made bullets, while others cooled the guns, loaded them, and passed them to the men at the loopholes.

How was it going to end?

Several times during the day, under cover of the smoke, a rush was made to storm and fire the fort. Every attempt failed.

At sunset the savages went into the thick woods, but they came back at midnight and made the darkness hideous.

The terrible hours wore slowly away. All the day before and all that night, without food, drink, or sleep, those brave men and women stood at their posts.

Early in the morning the Indians attacked the fort again. About noon they went again into the forest to plan some new mischief.



INDIANS ATTACKING A STOCKADED FORT
ON THE FRONTIER

Meanwhile the men looked sober and spoke together in low tones.

"The powder has almost given out," somebody said.

These words went quickly through the fort. The men and women looked in each other's faces.

"Not enough left for half a dozen rounds!"

What could even the bravest do without powder?

"There's a keg of powder in my cabin," said Captain Ebenezer Zane, "but it is sixty yards away. How can we get it?"

To cross that space before the eyes of those savages meant death.

Yes, but the Indians were sure to come back and make another attack. The settlers must have powder or give up the fort. If they surrendered, the men would be tortured at the stake and the women and children taken into captivity or put to death.

"Call the men," said Captain Zane, "and let us see what can be done."

"We must have powder," he said to the pioneers; "and there's none nearer than my cabin. Who's to go for it?"

Every man and every boy in that band of heroes wished to go.

"No, no, indeed! Not a man shall go; we have n't one to spare; let me go!" cried Elizabeth Zane, a fair young girl, sister to Captain Zane.

In vain did they try to keep her back.

"No, Betty, you must not run the risk!" cried all the men; "you'll be killed!"

"Besides, Betty, you can't run fast enough; you are only a girl," said a boy.

"But I am going," Elizabeth said. "You have wasted too much time already. Look at those Indians creeping out of the woods."

The men and boys looked ashamed.

"Let me go; I can run as fast as any of you," said the girl. "If I am killed, I shall not be missed as a man would be. Somebody pin up my hair so it won't be loose for the Indians to catch hold of."

Carefully the big gate was opened just wide enough for Elizabeth to slip out. She gave one loving look at her brothers. Her dark eyes were shining, but in her face there was not a sign of fear as she walked slowly across the open space to her brother's log cabin.

The Indians hiding in the bushes saw the gate open and gazed in wonder to see the girl, bareheaded and with sleeves rolled up, quietly walk out of the fort as if for a morning stroll.

"Squaw! squaw!" they shouted, but did not fire a shot.

Elizabeth had now reached the cabin and found the keg of powder.

In breathless silence the watchers at the loopholes saw the girl appear in the doorway with the keg of powder clasped in her arms. She stopped a moment and gave a quick glance at the fort, which seemed a long way off.

"Now it is death to my poor sister! Why did we ever let her go?" said Ebenezer Zane as he saw the young girl making ready to run back.

Pulling her skirts tight round her and hugging the keg, Elizabeth started for the fort as fast as she could run.

The Indians set up a yell. They knew now what the girl was doing.

Crack! crack! crack! sounded the rifles of the savages.

The bullets whistled past her, but not one hit her. Almost at the gate the excited girl stumbled and fell.

Was she hit?

No.

She picked herself up and ran for her life.

Ping! ping! sang the bullets; but in another moment the great gate was opened and Elizabeth fell into the arms of her brother, who stood ready to catch her.

"Three cheers for Betty Zane!" cried somebody, and they were given with a will.

With Elizabeth unharmed, and plenty of



ELIZABETH ZANE
CARRYING THE
KEG OF GUN-
POWDER TO
THE BESIEGED FORT

powder, they all took fresh courage.

The worst, however, was over. Before sunrise the next morning mounted riflemen from other settlements came to the help of Fort Henry. Girty now gave up hope. After killing the live stock and setting fire to some cabins, the outlaw hurried across the Ohio.

Twenty years afterward Captain Ebenezer Zane founded the town of Zanesville, Ohio, now a flourishing city.

As for his brave young sister, she kept the beauty of her youth even to old age. She lived to tell the story of the gunpowder to her grandchildren.

"But never," said one young girl who heard the story from her lips, "did she speak of it boastfully or as a wonderful matter."

CHAPTER XI

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

THE war of the Revolution had been going on for over a year and the people of little Rhode Island were having a dreary Christmas.

In December, 1776, a fleet of seventy British vessels with nearly ten thousand soldiers had come sailing into Narragansett Bay. The troops were landed and the people were forced to give them shelter.

This British army was under Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Percy; but in a few months Clinton and Percy went back to England and the command was given to General Richard Prescott.

Prescott was a pompous, odd old man with a loud voice and a bad temper. He gave splendid parties and lived like a prince. He cut down the shade trees in Newport. He tore up the front doorsteps of the fine houses to make a long sidewalk for himself.

This petty tyrant put many of the citizens into jail and insulted their wives and their daughters. No man in town was safe in his own house.

When this ugly fellow walked about, if he saw any of the people talking together, he would go up to them,

shake his cane in their faces, and shout, "Go home, you rebels! go home!"

A story is often told of Prescott's ill manners. As he passed through Lebanon, a little village in Connecticut, on his way from Providence to New York, he stopped to dine at Captain Alden's tavern. Among other things, the landlady served a dish of succotash.

The British general had never heard of such food and at once roared, "What do you mean by giving me hog's food?" and threw the dish on the floor.

The landlady burst into tears and retreated into the kitchen. This insult made her husband, Captain Alden, so angry that he got out his horsewhip and gave the old general a sound thrashing.

Every citizen in Newport was ordered to take off his hat when he met this vain old major general, who came



GENERAL PRESCOTT RECEIVES A SOUND
THRASHING FROM THE LANDLORD OF
A CONNECTICUT TAVERN

strutting along, gayly dressed in fine lace, scarlet uniform, and powdered wig. If anybody did not obey, he reminded him with a sharp rap of his cane.

In a short time Prescott became the most unpopular man on the island, and the people tried to think of some way to get rid of him.

Now it happened that on the opposite shore of the mainland a regiment of Rhode Island militia was in camp. The commander was the young Lieutenant Colonel Barton.



A year before this time thirty red dragoons had kidnapped General Charles Lee of the patriot army and with many jokes carried him off in the night dressed

only in his nightgown and slippers. Like many other officers in the Continental army, Barton had taken this very much to heart.

"Why can't two play at the same game?" said Barton to his best friend. "If we could only capture Prescott, we could exchange him for Lee and rid the country of this tyrant at the same time."

The longer the young officer thought of it the better he liked the idea. His plan was simple though full of danger. Three British men-of-war with their guard boats

were at anchor almost in front of Prescott's headquarters, and the house in which Prescott lived was closely guarded by infantry and cavalry.

Barton talked over the plan with Colonel Stanton of his regiment.

"Go ahead," said the colonel. "Strike the enemy when and where you please."

Five of the officers were let into the secret. Five stout whaleboats were bought. The next step was to get good men.

"I am going to lead an attack on the redcoats, boys," Barton said one evening to his regiment; "and I want some of you to go with me. Step forward twice if any of you mean business."

The regiment to a man stepped forward two paces. Thirty men were chosen who were ready to follow their gallant and popular young leader anywhere without asking questions.

On account of bad weather it was five days after Barton and his men left camp before they were ready to start on their dangerous undertaking. At sunset on the evening of July 9, in full view of the war ships, Barton told the men his plan.

"Remember, boys," said the fearless young fellow, "it is a perilous and uncertain errand; but I will lead you. Keep the best of order; do not steal anything; do not speak aloud; and don't drink a drop of rum. Let us pray."

Every hat was raised and every head bowed as the young officer asked God to bless their night's work.

The night was dark. It was about nine o'clock when they began their long pull. Barton's boat led the way, carrying in the stern a pole ten feet long, with a white handkerchief on the top, to guide the other boats.

Swiftly the strong-armed men sent the whaleboats through the water. They kept a sharp lookout for the three men-of-war and the guard boats. They heard the bells of the war ships strike the hour of midnight as they rowed silently past them. They heard the cry of "All's well" from the guard boats.

One of the party, John Hunt, steered Barton's boat to the best place to land, a cove sheltered by trees.

Silently as Indians the little company stepped on the beach. They divided into five parties and drew near General Prescott's house from different directions. Each man had been told exactly what to do.

Some rods away on one side of the house were the headquarters of the guard of foot soldiers; a few rods distant on the other side were stationed the horsemen.

The plan was to slip in between these two guards, force an entrance into the house, seize Prescott, and carry him across the bay.

Barton and Hunt led the way through a clump of trees.

They were now only a hundred feet from the front door. "Who comes there?" suddenly cried a sentinel.

Not a word was said. The patriots drew nearer.

"Who comes there?" the sentinel called again sharply.

"Friends," said Barton.

"Advance, friends, and give the countersign."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Barton; "we have no countersign. Have you seen any deserters to-night?"

In an instant the young officer seized the sentinel by the throat and said quietly, "Make the least noise, and you are a dead man!"

The poor fellow, frightened out of his wits, owned that Prescott was in the house.

There was quick work now. The front door was forced. In rushed Barton and his men, through the hall, up the front stairs, into the bedchambers. There they found the owner of the house in bed.

"Is General Prescott in your house?" said Barton to the terrified Quaker.

The man silently pointed to the room below.

"What's all this noise about?" roared an angry voice from below.

Downstairs ran the men into the room and found an old man sitting up in bed.

"Are you General Prescott?"

"I am."

"You are my prisoner, then," said Barton. "Come along with us quickly, as you value your life."

"Will you let me put on my clothes?" the astonished general asked.

The poor old fellow was allowed to put on his "waist-coat, breeches, and slippers." His cloak was afterward passed to him in the boat.

Two stout men locked arms with him and the whole party hurried to the boats by the shortest way, across the



CAPTURING GENERAL PRESCOTT

fields. We are told that the prisoner's legs were badly scratched by the blackberry bushes.

Meanwhile drums were beating and rockets were shooting; alarm guns were fired and there was great running to and fro.

Not a moment was lost. The raiders pushed off in their boats and rowed for their lives, past the war ships and the guard boats. At daybreak Barton and his men reached Warwick with their prisoner.

"You have made a bold push to-night, sir," said Prescott when they stepped ashore.

"Thank you, sir. We have indeed been fortunate," answered Barton.

Amid the hootings of the crowd the old general was sent by coach to Providence.

Like most other men of high rank of that time, Prescott was careful of his personal appearance. He coaxed a barber to dress his hair, which was done according to the fashion of the day. In the forenoon a British officer, under a flag of truce, came up the river to bring his general's purse, powder for his hair, and a lot of perfumery.

In a few days the captured general was sent under escort to Washington's camp on the Hudson.

Early the next year General Prescott was exchanged for General Lee, and soon after was again given command of the British troops at Newport.

Barton's bold deed won him fame. Congress thanked the brave lieutenant colonel, gave him a beautiful sword, and promoted him to the rank of colonel in the Continental army.

Washington was greatly pleased with Barton and called the capture a "bold enterprise."

The king of France laughed heartily when he heard of the affair, and ordered the French agent at Providence to send him a full report of what had taken place.

CHAPTER XII

THE PATRIOTS OF "LIBERTY HALL"

AMONG the public men of the Revolution was Governor William Livingston of New Jersey. The British both hated and feared him.

The old governor had a kind heart but a quick temper and a sharp tongue. When he spoke or wrote he never spared the enemies of his country. He called them scoundrels, and blockheads, and rascals, and all manner of hard names.

The British put a price of two thousand guineas on his head and tried in every way to catch him.

Governor Livingston built a fine mansion near the city of Elizabeth and called it Liberty Hall.

He used to boast that he had as many children as there were colonies. His three oldest daughters, often called "the three Graces," were famed for their beauty and their wit. Their names were Sarah, Susan, and Catherine.

Now, if there was one thing above another that Governor Livingston hated, it was King George's taxed tea.

"I'll not have an ounce of it in my house!" he said.

But Sarah, Susan, and Catherine were fond of giving their afternoon teas. Out of mischief they brewed real tea, but colored it with strawberries.

The old patriot never found out the deception; and with the young people the "strawberry tea" made by the Livingston girls became very popular.

"The three Graces," as well as their father, were highly esteemed by General Washington.

One day Kitty, who was full of fun, told one of her friends she was going to ask Washington for a lock of his hair.

In some way the grave commander heard of the remark. He at once wrote a nice little note, in which he inclosed the lock of hair. This note of thirty-five words, a model in letter writing, is still preserved:

General Washington having
been informed, lately, of the honor
done him by Miss Kitty Livingston
in wishing for a lock of his Hair,
takes the liberty of inclosing one,
accompanied by his most respectful
compliments.

Camp, Valley-forge
18th Mar. 1778.

Sarah, the oldest daughter, a great beauty, married John Jay, a young lawyer. Mr. Jay afterward served his country, both at home and abroad, in many high offices. When he was sent to France his young wife went with him.

The famous Marie Antoinette was queen at that time. She stroked the hair of the American beauty and, gazing into her brilliant eyes, told her she was "the fairest woman she had ever looked upon."

Susan, the second daughter, was a handsome, high-spirited girl.

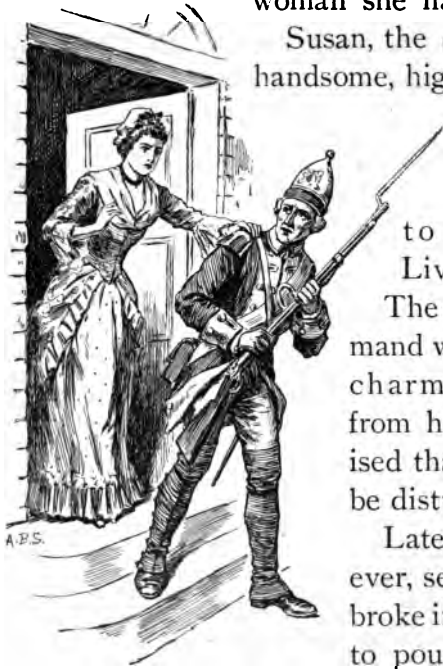
One night some British soldiers were sent from New York to carry off Governor Livingston.

The British officer in command was smitten with Susan's charms; he received a rose from her fair hand and promised that the family should not be disturbed.

Late the next night, however, several drunken redcoats broke into the house and began to pound on the door of the room where Susan and her mother were sleeping.

Susan knew no such thing as fear. She hastily put on

her best white dress, walked out of her room, took the ringleader by the collar, and marched him out of the house. The rest of the midnight party soon left.



ONE OF "THE THREE GRACES"
TURNING A DRUNKEN RED-
COAT OUT OF HER FATHER'S
MANSION

On another occasion Sir Henry Clinton sent out a force of a thousand men with orders to surprise the old war governor and bring him a prisoner to New York.

The midnight raiders expected to find their old enemy in bed, sound asleep. But some friend had warned him, and when the redcoats arrived he was several miles away.

Rap! rap! on the big front door of Liberty Hall.

No answer.

The midnight raiders did not stop for manners.

Bang! bang! bang! this time with the end of a musket.

The raiders burst open the front door and rushed into the long hall.

"Where is the rebel governor? We want him!" the redcoats shouted.

Suddenly the rude soldiers became still.

Down the front stairs like a queen came the beautiful Catherine. She was dressed in an elegant gown, with sparkling jewels, as if to receive Sir Henry himself as her father's friend.

The gallant young colonel doffed his hat and bowed low to the fair woman.

"Where is your father's room, my lady? He is our prisoner," he said.

The stately young lady smiled sweetly on her midnight caller.

"He isn't at home to-night, I assure you, Colonel," she answered. "He rode away before dark on important business and will not return for a week."

The British officer searched the house from attic to cellar, but the governor was not to be found.

"I must have his papers, my lady," demanded the colonel. "They must be there," he said, pointing to a small box.



KITTY LIVINGSTON GIVES SOME
WORTHLESS LEGAL PAPERS TO
THE BRITISH COMMANDER

Sure enough, all the governor's recent letters from Washington and from Congress were snugly packed away in the box.

"You are a British officer and a gentleman, sir," stammered the girl, with downcast eyes. "I beg of you not to open the box. It is full of letters, but they are written by a gentleman whom I love most dearly."

"Some rebel lover, I suppose," said the officer gruffly.

Kitty blushed, looked down, and wiped her eyes.

The young officer looked very much ashamed.

"Come this way to the library," said Kitty. "If you must have my father's private papers, I will give them to you if you will not touch that box."

"Very well," answered the officer. "We don't want to read your love letters. Give us the governor's papers."

"Here they are, sir," said the charming girl, standing on a chair; and she reached down from a top shelf several bundles of old law papers of no great value.

The soldiers hastily packed the worthless papers into their bags and soon after left the house.

"Good night, my fair lady. I am sorry to have disturbed your beauty sleep, but such is war," said the British officer, with a bow to the smiling Kitty, who politely bade him good night.

What Sir Henry Clinton said when he heard how his officer had been fooled is not known. As for Susan and Catherine, they danced merrily up and down the grand long hall before they went to bed; at least so Kitty wrote in a letter to one of her friends.

So you see that in those old days even beautiful young girls loved their native land and thought how they might serve their country.

CHAPTER XIII

PUT TO FLIGHT BY FRIENDS

NEARLY three years had passed since Colonel Moultrie had so bravely defended Fort Sullivan, but King George had not given up his purpose of conquering the South. The redcoats were to begin with Georgia and, taking one colony after another, were to make their way to the North.

Late in the winter of 1778 an army was landed near Savannah and the city taken.

The people of South Carolina were in great alarm. All Georgia was in the hands of the enemy, and General Prevost was marching straight on Charleston, laying waste the country with fire and sword.

It was now the twelfth of May, and the British were camping before the city. All day and all night the men dug in the trenches, thinking every moment they might hear the roar of the enemy's cannon; but when morning came not a redcoat was to be seen. Hearing that an American army was on its way to Charleston, the British had struck their tents and marched away.

Thirty miles from Charleston a part of the redcoats encamped on John's Island. Here was a fine brick

mansion, the home of a rich patriot planter by the name of Gibbs.

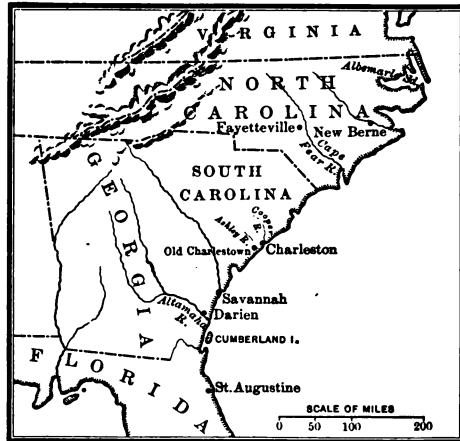
Mr. Gibbs was a gentleman of wealth and culture and, like many other Southerners, kept open house. He had a lovely wife and eight children, besides seven adopted children of his sister.

What a happy life these fifteen children had in that island home! They romped under the big oaks and sycamores and played hide and seek among the thick shrubbery round the house.

When the British came over to John's Island and went into camp near the mansion this peaceful life was brought to an end. The family were allowed to live in the upper part of the house, while the officers lived a wild life in the great rooms below.

When the patriot officers about Charleston heard what had happened to the Gibbs family they planned to drive the British from the island and force them out of South Carolina.

One rainy night two vessels came up the Savannah River and anchored abreast of the plantation.



Whizz! whizz! Bang! bang! bang! went the shot through the trees into the British camp.

It was a perfect surprise. The half-dressed soldiers ran about in confusion. The officers in the mansion jumped out of bed, seized their clothes, and rushed out of doors to rally their men.

The family of Mr. Gibbs were aroused out of their sleep by the roar of cannon and by the crashing of shot and shell. They were in great terror, for Mr. Gibbs was a cripple and unable to walk, and they naturally supposed that they were being attacked by the British. The little children ran to their mother's room, screaming with fright, and the negro servants filled the house with their cries.

Mrs. Gibbs was a quiet, calm woman. She had been through many perils since the war began.

"We must leave the house at once," she said to Mary, the oldest daughter. "Take care of the children, while I look after your father."

The servants lifted their helpless master into his chair, ready to be carried out; Mary Gibbs dressed the younger children, and in a few moments the whole household hurried out of the back door into the woods.

The rain was coming down in torrents. Grapeshot whistled past the trembling little company as they sought shelter.

Mary had more than she could do. Nearly all the children were in her care. She carried one and sometimes two of them in her arms.

After a time, wet to the skin and worn out, the family got beyond the range of the guns and reached a negro cabin about a mile from the mansion. There they huddled round the big fireplace with its cheering blaze. The tired children soon fell asleep on the mud floor.

Suddenly a look of fear came into the face of Mrs. Gibbs.

"Mary, where is baby Frank?" she asked.

The young girl turned pale.

"Oh!" she cried, "what shall we do? We have left him in bed at home!"

How the poor father must have longed for strength to walk just for one short hour! Perhaps even now the mansion was on fire.

"Mamma," said Mary, starting toward the door, "I am going for Frank."

"No, child, you must not!" cried the mother in her agony; "you will surely be killed! It is too late!"

"God will take care of me," answered the girl from the doorstep. "I shall bring baby back with me."

She almost flew along the path. Never mind if the shot and shell screamed over her head. Never mind if the fallen branches tripped her. She got up and ran on.

Reaching the house, she made her way upstairs.

The bed was empty and the baby missing!

Had the child been carried off?

No! In a moment Mary remembered that a new nurse had taken him to a room on the upper floor.

Up the stairs she went. There the little fellow lay on the bed, crowing in his baby fashion.

When he stretched out his arms to his sister she choked down a sob as she thought how he had been forgotten.

Snatching a warm blanket, she wrapped it round him and started downstairs, holding him tight; then she ran out into the storm with her precious bundle in her arms.



MARY GIBBS RESCUES THE BABY

For the third time that night she faced death.

Now and then a sheet of flame lit up the trees when shells were fired from the vessels in the river; and then the forest was blacker than before.

Suppose she should miss her path in the darkness! Suppose a falling limb should strike the

little head nestling on her shoulder! She trembled at the thought. How long the way was!

At last she reached the cabin unharmed.

"Mamma, dear, here he is, all safe!" she cried, and fell fainting on the cabin floor.

As the story runs, this little boy grew to be a man and became a famous officer in the War of 1812 with

England. However this may be, as long as he lived he must have dearly loved his sister Mary, who risked her own life for his on that night so full of terror.

Shortly after this surprise of the British on John's Island, General Prevost left a garrison at Beaufort, South Carolina, and retreated with the rest of his army into Georgia. The weather now became so hot that no more fighting took place for the season.

CHAPTER XIV

VOYAGING IN THE WILDERNESS

ABOUT a century ago a famous hunter, James Robertson, took a company of men from the Holston settlements to the rich lands on one of the great bends of the Cumberland River. On the bluff where the city of Nashville now stands they planted fields of corn and built a few log cabins.

In the summer of 1779 a few of the men returned to their old homes. It was then planned that Donelson, the partner of Robertson, should at Christmas time take a company of settlers to the Bluff by boat.

In the party were to be Robertson's wife and five children. Among these children was his daughter Rachel, who afterward became the wife of Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States.

All summer long the work of boat building had been going on. On the banks of the river were birch-bark canoes and dugouts, each made from a single poplar tree. Besides these there were scows, or flatboats, boarded up at the sides and partly covered by a roof. In all there were thirty boats. The flagship of the fleet, as we may call it, was the Adventure.

These people had lived all their lives in their mountain cabins at Holston, but now, in these frail and clumsy boats, two hundred of them were to seek new homes a thousand miles away. They were to go down the Tennessee River, into the Ohio, and then make their way up the Cumberland.

It was three days before Christmas and everything was ready. Do you wonder that tears were shed and tender words spoken while friends and neighbors bade each other good-by?

The winter of 1779-1780 was long known among the pioneers of the West as "the hard winter." Snow lay on the ground from November till March. The small rivers were solid ice. The deer and elk froze to death in the woods.

We are not surprised, then, to find our little fleet frozen up. In fact, eight weeks wore away before the voyage was really begun.

At last, one Sunday morning in February, the little company moved off.

It was hard for the men to steer through the swift current and keep off the rocks and shoals. One boat after another was upset in the rapids. The women and children got ashore as well as they could, or stood in the cold river until some other boat picked them up.

Worst of all, the redskins shot at them almost every day from the banks of the river. The Indians called them brothers and coaxed them to land; but if the

current carried a boat near the shore the bullets flew thick and fast.

On the flatboat of a man named Stuart there were twenty-nine persons. Smallpox broke out among them. This boat was kept far in the rear and allowed to overtake the others only at sundown, when all went into camp for the night.

The Indians were quick to see the helpless condition of Stuart's boat. They put off from the shore in their canoes and with their tomahawks killed the whole party.

One day in March the fleet was working its way through the Narrows, where the mountains closed in on both sides. A canoe was upset and the cargo carried away. Other boats came to give help. The Indians again fired upon them and four persons were wounded.

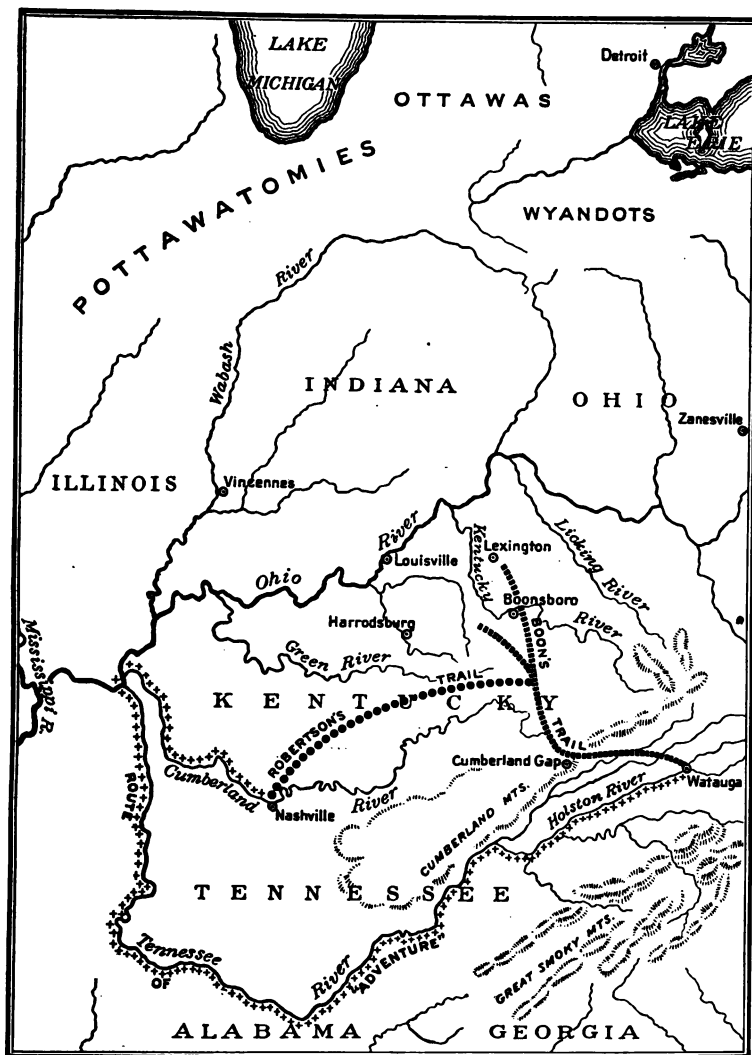
All the boats except the flatboat of a Mr. Jennings got safely away and were borne along by the current; but poor Jennings was left to his fate. Now Mr. Jennings was an old soldier and fine marksman.

"My son," he said, "hurry and help your mother throw some things overboard to lighten the boat, while I pick off those Indians with my rifle."

The son proved himself a coward by leaping overboard and swimming ashore.

Mrs. Jennings began to throw things into the river.

"Oh, stop!" cried Mrs. Peyton; and the words were scarcely out of her mouth when she jumped into the icy water and tried to push the boat off.



"Why, Mrs. Peyton!" exclaimed Mrs. Jennings; "you'll catch your death of cold, and you're sick too!"

"If you will only get out and help, I believe we can start the boat," said Mrs. Peyton.

Mrs. Jennings, not to be outdone by her friend, climbed out. The boat, being thus lightened of their



weight and receiving a shove from the two sturdy women, swung off the rock. While the women were getting back into the boat a redskin leveled his gun at them, but before he could fire, the rifle of Mr. Jennings rang out and the Indian fell headlong.

At daybreak the next Friday morning the camp was aroused by cries of "Help poor Jennings! help poor Jennings!"

Sure enough, there was the lost boat, with Mr. Jennings and the two women. They had drifted down the river till they saw the distant camp fires.

On another boat a young girl also proved herself a heroine. Her name was Nancy Gower. When the bullets of the Indians came flying among them the men in her father's flatboat ran for shelter. The boat began to drift ashore. Nancy quietly went and steered. She grew pale as the bullets whizzed round her, but still she kept a firm hold on the tiller.

A moment later a ball pierced her hip. She made no outcry, but kept the boat straight on its course.



THE BRAVE NANCY GOWER

"Nancy, dear child, you are hurt!" exclaimed the girl's mother when she saw her pale face and blood-stained dress.

"Yes, mother, the Indians have shot me," answered Nancy.

But Nancy Gower lived more than fifty years after her eventful river journey, and saw the wilderness of Tennessee filled with rich farms and thrifty towns.

On March 20 the pioneers entered the mouth of the Cumberland River. Although almost worn out with hunger and fatigue, they were full of courage, for they were nearing the Bluff. In about four weeks more they thought their long journey would be over. It was now four months since they had left the Holston settlements, and for sixty days, on deep and unknown rivers, they had battled for their lives.

One day near the last of April one of the men on the Bluff walked to the edge of the high rocks and gazed anxiously down the stream. The woods were green and beautiful and full of flowers.

"If they could only come to-day and see how pretty everything is, I know they would like the Bluff," he was thinking.

And sure enough, there were the longed-for boats slowly coming into sight!

Thus Captain Donelson and his faithful men gave the women and children into the keeping of their husbands and fathers; and thus in their new homes in that far-off wilderness these brave pioneer men and women again began life together.

CHAPTER XV

HOW WATER WAS BROUGHT TO THE FORT

THE great war for independence was over. All along the Atlantic coast the people were enjoying peace, but in the wilderness beyond the Alleghanies it was the same old story. The early spring brought the savages. Horses were stolen, cabins burned, men killed and scalped, and women and children carried into captivity.

In July, 1782, a band of three hundred Indians, with two companies of British soldiers, crossed the Ohio River into the lovely blue-grass region of Kentucky. With them came two Tory captains and the white traitor Simon Girty, of whom you have already heard.



INDIANS CELEBRATING THE CAPTURE OF
WESTERN SETTLERS

The first blow was aimed at a large fort called Bryan's Station, five miles north of the present city of Lexington.

Before daybreak on August 16 scouts brought word that the Indians were hastening toward the fort, hoping to take it by surprise.

When it grew light, dusky figures could be seen skulking among the trees.

Behind the log walls all made ready. The little children were put into the safest places. The women stood ready to load the guns. Every man and every boy was at his post.

It was one of the hottest days of the year, and the air in the blockhouses grew stifling.

Suddenly one woman whispered to another. Another woman spoke in a low tone to her husband. There was not a drop of water in the fort! They had forgotten to bring in a supply during the night.

The spring that furnished them water was about sixty yards away, down a hill, on the edge of the woods where the Indians were seen.

"We must have water," said Captain Craig, a noted Indian fighter, "or we shall all die of thirst before tomorrow night."

"Of course we must have water, Captain," answered a young sharpshooter. "But how shall we get it? There are a hundred redskins hiding in the underbrush over there."

"I know the tricks of those redskins," said Captain Craig. "They think we have not seen them. If we

men go to the spring, they will fire on us and all will be lost.

"But I have a plan," he continued. "The women and children must go for water, just as they do every morning. My wife and my two oldest girls shall go. Those redskins in the bushes will not hurt them. They are waiting to play some trick on us.

"Be quick! Get together all the women, and the children big enough to carry water, and I will tell them what to do."

Perhaps, when he told them what he wanted, the women faltered for a moment, but they had not lived face to face with danger all their lives in vain.

"If the others will follow, I will lead with Betsey, my oldest daughter," said Mrs. Johnson.

The brave woman quietly made ready. She told one of her daughters to take care of the two boys and the baby in his dugout cradle.

What a picture it made! — twelve women and sixteen children streaming out of the fort, the boys with their small buckets racing down the hill, glad to use their legs, and a little girl with a big wooden dipper lingering behind.

A dog, too, ran out, no doubt thinking he was going rabbit or squirrel hunting; but he was called back; there was to be no dog running into the bushes and barking.

Behind the children came the mothers with the tubs between them.

Last of all the older boys and girls stepped out of the gate with their buckets.

At the loopholes of the fort fifty strong men stood watching their helpless wives and children. Under their very eyes their dear ones might be killed and scalped.



GETTING WATER FOR THE FORT

Straight down the hill to the trickling spring they went, laughing and talking as if nothing were the matter.

Behind the big trees a hundred Indian eyes were seeing and a hundred Indian ears were hearing. You might almost touch the savages in the bushes.

"How good the water tastes this hot morning!" said Mrs. Johnson, drinking from her dripping dipper.

"Yes," answered her neighbor, beginning to dip water into her tub; "I think it will rain before night, and I must get my washing done early."

"So must I," replied Mrs. Johnson. "Come, boys, hurry and take your pails of water up the hill."

"Just see those flowers over there at the edge of the woods!" cried one of the older girls, climbing the hill with her bucket. "They were not out yesterday."

Carefully the great gate of the fort swung open for them. While they hurried in, several of the boys spilled some of the precious water.

At last the mothers lifted in their tubs and the gate was shut and bolted.

Not one of the hundred Indians had lifted a hand to harm them; but scarcely had the gate shut when with a whoop they rushed out from the bushes.

The fight lasted for two nights and a day. Then the Indians suddenly left as silently as they had come. They had learned that riflemen were coming to the rescue.

For many years this story of the brave women who risked their own lives and the lives of their dear children to carry water to the men in the fort has been told and retold, and yet it never grows old.

Should you like to know the name of the baby that was sleeping in the log cradle?

His name was Richard M. Johnson. More than fifty years afterward he became Vice President of the United States.

CHAPTER XVI

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON

ON the Potomac River, sixteen miles below our national capital, is a lovely spot that every American boy and girl should visit. It is Mount Vernon, once the home of George Washington.

The entrance to this fine estate of eight thousand acres is near the old gateway used in Washington's time.

To the left as you enter and approach the mansion is the old flower garden surrounded by a boxwood hedge set out many years ago.

This garden is interesting because many of the plants and shrubs were gifts to Washington from noted men and are of great age. An hydrangea was planted by Lafayette and is now eighty years old; not far away is a big sago palm which was growing in Washington's time. Then there are the famous Mary Washington roses. They were brought from France and named by Washington for his mother.

In front of the old mansion is a large lawn; in the rear are orchards, gardens, and a deer park.

The butler's house, the kitchen, and other numerous outbuildings show that they once belonged to a large Virginia estate.

The barn was built more than a hundred years ago, of bricks brought from England. In the coach house is Washington's carriage, known as "the lost coach." It was found and restored to Mount Vernon only a few years ago.

If you follow a path down the little hill, you will find Washington's tomb. It is built of brick, with an arched



MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON

gateway. Through the iron gratings of the large door you can see two coffins, each hewn from a single piece of marble. They contain the remains of George Washington and of his wife, Martha Washington.

About fifty years ago our grandfathers and grandmothers, who were then school children, gave five cents apiece that the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association might

buy this famous home and restore to it much of its old furniture. Many of the rooms are thought to look as they did in 1797, when Washington retired from public life.

The mansion itself is a rambling old house with broad piazza, tall square pillars, sloping roof, and quaint cupola and weather vane.

On the first floor is the music room. The old-time piano, or harpsicord, was bought in London and cost one thousand dollars. It was a gift from Washington to pretty Nellie Custis, his foster child.

One of Washington's great delights was to have Nellie play for him. Like many other girls, she used to cry because she had to practice several hours a day.

On the same floor is the banquet room. How many great men have crossed its threshold! The beautiful mantel was carved in Italy and sent from London as a present. As the story goes, the vessel in which the marble was brought across the ocean was captured by pirates; but on learning that the stone was for Washington they sent it on its way.

Here are also choice pieces of furniture, costly dishes of china and glass, Lady Washington's beautiful ivory fan, and many other interesting objects. Indeed, it would take a long summer's afternoon to see all that belonged to General Washington.

But the spot which touches us most is the south bedroom on the second floor; for it was here that Washington died. The bed upon which he lay stands in its old

place in the corner. On a mahogany table lies the Bible which Lady Washington was reading to him only a few hours before his death.

Directly above this chamber, in a small room in the attic, Martha Washington herself died. From her single



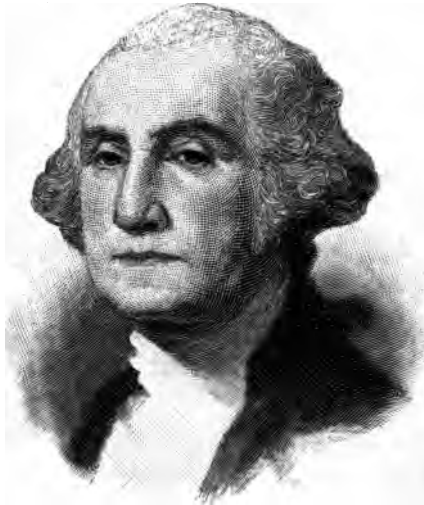
NELLIE CUSTIS PRACTICING ON HER OLD-TIME PIANO

dormer window she used to look lovingly at her husband's burial place.

In his home at Mount Vernon Washington spent many happy hours. Here, in 1759, he brought his bride, Martha Custis, a rich young widow, and her two children. Washington called the boy and the girl Jacky

and Patsy. Like a good stepfather, he at once ordered from London "ten Shillings' worth of Toys," "six little Books," and a "dressed Doll to cost a Guinea," besides a "Box of gingerbread Toys."

Patsy died when a young girl. Jack grew up to be a brave officer. He died of camp fever at the siege of Yorktown, in 1781.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

Nellie Custis, the charming daughter of Jack Custis, found a home at Mount Vernon till her marriage.

The witty girl was full of fun. She was one of the few persons who could make the grave and dignified Washington, who seldom smiled, laugh like the rest of us.

Beautiful Mount Vernon, overlooking the river from a framework of trees, was to Washington the dearest spot on earth. He was always sorry to leave it; he was always glad to return to it.

At last, when the great war was over and he had served the new nation as President for eight years, Washington retired to his home. Under its peaceful

roof the great and good man spent his remaining days, at rest from the hardships of war and the duties of public life.

Now, as perhaps you know, there is a navy yard at our national capital. The smaller war vessels and the government dispatch boats in going up and down the Potomac pass this historic mansion.

See that graceful little gunboat coming slowly up the river. How her snow-white sides, her shining brasswork, and her polished guns flash in the sunshine!

"Mount Vernon just ahead, sir," the pilot says to the captain, on the bridge, and the word is passed to the officer of the deck.

Do you hear the bugle? It is calling "All hands to quarters!"

There are the sailors forming in line on the port side. Hear the bugle again. It is sounding "Attention!" Watch now and see them salute.

The right hand of every man is raised to his cap. The ship's bell is tolling twenty-one strokes, one for each gun of the national salute. How like statues the men are!



SAILORS ON A PASSING WAR VESSEL
SALUTING MOUNT VERNON

Now the last stroke of the bell has died away and the retreat is sounding. There! the little vessel is hidden behind the great trees, gliding on her way up the river.

Thus honor is paid to the last resting place of George Washington. It is a beautiful and impressive custom, and should keep alive in the hearts of all Americans feelings of love and respect for the great soldier, the wise statesman, and the noble man whom we call the Father of our country.

CHAPTER XVII

"THE AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO"

ONLY thirty years after the Revolution we began our second struggle against the mother country. It came about in this way. Great Britain had been wanting more men for her large navy, and so she captured our merchant ships on the high seas, carried off our sailors, and impressed them into her service.

The United States at that time was a feeble nation with less than twenty war ships. In spite of this the people would not bear these insults, and so in June, 1812, Congress declared war.

The little village of Scituate, on the coast of the old Bay State, was a great fishing place in those days. Sometimes a hundred boats ran into the harbor for shelter.

Near the village lived a lighthouse keeper named Bates, whose oldest daughter was called Rebecca.

It was a fine morning in August, and Rebecca was busy polishing the lantern. Looking over the sparkling ocean, she saw a strange vessel in the bay slowly making for the shore.

"That must be the British war ship we heard of yesterday," thought the frightened girl.

She ran down the steep lighthouse stairs and across the yard into their cottage.

"Mother," she cried, "get the glass and look! There's a big war ship in plain sight!"

The lighthouse keeper had gone to the village on an errand. There was nobody at home except his wife, his

two little boys, and his two daughters, Rebecca and Abigail. Mrs. Bates watched the vessel through the spyglass.

"Of course that is a British ship," she said; "and it looks as if it were making for our harbor. Run over to the village, boys, find your father, and give the alarm."



WATCHING THE BRITISH WAR SHIP

You may be sure all the village people kept a sharp lookout on that distant ship.

"I can remember the Revolution," said a gray-haired man. "The British bombarded the seaport villages. They came ashore at Marthas Vineyard and burnt the churches and several houses."

"That war ship can sink every boat in the harbor and burn the village," said a young fisherman.

For two hours the vessel tacked and stood off to sea; then, as the tide began to flow, she made for the shore. It was high tide at two o'clock. With all her sails set the great war ship swept grandly over the bar and anchored at a point of land half a mile from the lighthouse.

The boats were lowered and the helpless people saw the soldiers rapidly nearing the shore.

What a running to and fro there was in the village! Nets, clothing, and all kinds of household goods were loaded into hay carts and hurried away behind the sand hills. The women and children hastened off to the woods.

The two sisters sat watching from the lighthouse tower. Five large boats were close to land. They were rowed by sailors in blue jackets and filled with soldiers in bright red coats. How the guns glittered! How the gold lace on the officers' uniforms sparkled!

"Oh, my! If I were only a boy," said Rebecca, "I'd take father's old gun and go over to the village and help the men fight."

"I know what we'll do," suddenly cried Abigail; "let's take father's drum and beat it; you know how to drum, Rebecca."

"That's just the thing," said the older girl. "We will take the fife in mother's bureau drawer, too; you can play that. We will hide behind the sand hills and give them 'Yankee Doodle.' Perhaps we can fool them."

The excited girls got the drum and covered it with a shawl; then they found the fife, and away they went to the outside beach.

Creeping behind the low sand hills and the beach grass, out of sight of the soldiers, they sat down on the sand to tighten the drum and softly try the fife.

"We must march along the outside beach toward the lighthouse, just as if we were at the head of a regiment," said Abigail.

"Good!" answered Rebecca. "We will make them think that soldiers have come from Boston to help us fight."

Rubadub, dub! rubadub, dub! beat Rebecca in lively fashion.

Squeak, squeak, squeak! went Abigail's fife.

This was too much for the young girls; in spite of their fears they stopped marching and sat down on the sand to laugh.

"This will never do!" cried Rebecca; "we shall spoil everything."

"I will behave better next time," said Abigail. "Let us try over again."

"Forward! March! One, two!"

Louder and louder rolled the drum, and clearer and clearer whistled the fife.

Across the harbor the men in the village were listening.

"That's the soldiers from Boston coming to fight," they said.

Meanwhile the redcoats were setting fire to a fishing sloop. The officers were amazed at the sound of the music.

"Can it be possible," one said, "that the Yankees are marching a regiment down to the point? If they have cannon with them, all our boats will be shut up in the harbor."



"THE AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO"

The drums are coming nearer, and there is the sound of the fife.

Hark! Of all tunes in the world, those impudent fellows are playing "Yankee Doodle!"

"Quick, men!" cried the commander. "The Yankees will sink every boat unless we can get past that point."

There was no time to talk. It was a question of getting out of the harbor and reaching their ship.

One young officer in his haste fell overboard and spoiled his fine uniform.

How the sailors pulled through the channel, close to the lighthouse point! Every moment they expected a regiment to open fire upon them at close range.

The captain of the war ship thought he must do something to help. He ran out his big gun and fired at the lighthouse, but no harm was done.

Soon after dark the British man-of-war sailed away.

The two sisters, old in years but still brave in spirit and strong in patriotism, died only a few years ago.

When boys and girls asked them to write in their albums, the old ladies, after signing their names, would add, "The American army of two, in the War of 1812."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE YOUNG CREOLE'S WARNING

THE War of 1812 was nearly over, but, as if in revenge for her many defeats on the ocean, Great Britain meant to strike a hard blow and end the struggle in a blaze of glory.

In December, 1814, a great fleet of war ships, with an army of ten thousand men, anchored at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and on the morning of December 23 some of the redcoats were guided by fishermen to the plantation of a rich Creole named Villeré, only twelve miles from New Orleans.

General Villeré was at this time in the city with General Andrew Jackson, and his son was in command at the plantation.

"Keep a sharp lookout on the little river to the east of the mansion," had been Jackson's last command to the young soldier.

With his pickets out, and thinking himself safe, the young Creole officer was sitting on an upper piazza quietly smoking his cigar.

It was half past ten o'clock in the morning. The young major happened to glance toward the river.

Could it be possible? Indeed there was no mistake. The British had stolen a march on him. Already a dozen or more redcoats were dodging among the orange trees.

"The British have come! Run for your lives!" shouted Villeré to his men, leaping from his chair.

He dashed into the hall, hoping to escape from the rear of the house. It was too late; the house was surrounded by the enemy. Several soldiers with fixed bayonets stopped him.

"You are my prisoner, young man," said Colonel Thornton, coming up with drawn sword.

There were no braver men in the world than the Villerés. But what could the young major do? Nothing. So he gave himself up and was kept a prisoner in one of the rooms on the lower floor.

"Keep him closely guarded till General Keane arrives," said Colonel Thornton.

Young Villeré's face was red with shame.

"The enemy has outwitted me. Oh, where were my pickets? Why did I trust them? What will my father and General Jackson think of me? I have made a terrible mistake," said the young major to himself.

He strode up and down the room and glanced at the low window. He was ready to dare anything to win back his good name.

"I will get word to Jackson or die," he said; "so here goes."

Knocking over a couple of his keepers, he leaped through the window, dashed across the yard, and cleared the high fence with a bound.

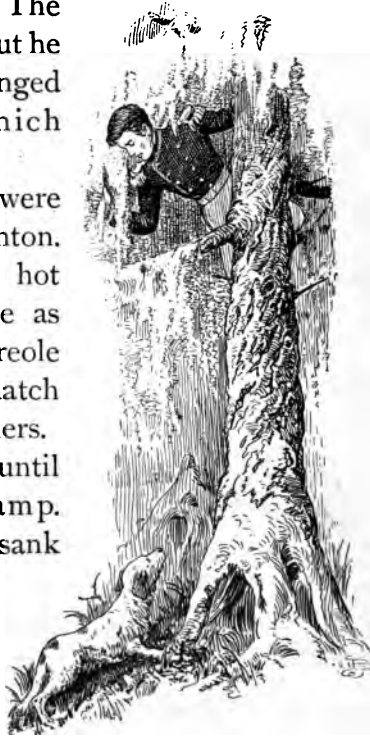
There were fifty soldiers in the yard. Some of them fired at him but did not hit him. He ran across an open field behind the mansion. The bullets whistled round him, but he only ran the faster and plunged into the cypress forest which girted the great swamp.

"Catch him or kill him," were the orders from Colonel Thornton.

The British were now in hot pursuit; but in such a race as this the light and wiry Creole hunter was more than a match for the heavily dressed soldiers.

Over the bogs he leaped until he plunged into the swamp. Deeper and deeper his feet sank into the mire. He heard plainly enough the shouts of his pursuers calling to one another and pointing out the course he had taken.

There was only one chance and he took it. He sprang up a cypress tree and climbed for the thick moss and



MAJOR VILLERÉ'S DOG NEARLY
BETRAYS HER MASTER

branches overhead. Halfway up he stopped, for he heard a low whine at the foot of the tree. Crouching upon the ground and looking up at him, as if eager to share her master's peril, was his favorite dog.

What could Villeré do with the faithful animal? It was her life or his; for she would be sure to betray him.

Dropping to the ground, he killed her with a single blow and hid her body under some bushes. Then he sprang up the tree again and, climbing to a large limb, drew the long moss about him.

In another moment his pursuers rushed past the tree. They got stuck in the bog and floundered until tired out. Then they gave up the search as useless.

The young officer slipped quietly down and pushed his way through the swamp. He hurried to the next plantation and told his friend, Colonel de la Ronde.

"General Jackson must hear this news at once," said the colonel.

"Yes, and the sooner the better," answered young Villeré.

The two friends crossed the Mississippi and rode toward New Orleans as fast as their horses could carry them.

At half past one o'clock they galloped to General Jackson's headquarters.

"Two gentlemen to see you, General Jackson. They say they have important news," said one of the aids.

"Send them in at once," Jackson commanded.

Major Villeré and his friend told their startling news. "Old Hickory" drew himself up to his full height.

"By the Eternal!" he exclaimed, as with flashing eye he brought his fist down on the table; "the British shall not sleep upon our soil this night."

General Jackson was as good as his word, for he attacked the redcoats furiously in their camp that night, and they beat a retreat as fast as their legs could carry them.

Two weeks later, in the great battle of New Orleans, he completely routed them, with a loss of more than two thousand men.

Some day, I hope, you will read about this famous victory. Meanwhile do not forget the gallant young Creole officer, Major Gabriel Villeré.



GENERAL JACKSON, NICKNAMED
"OLD HICKORY"

CHAPTER XIX

OUR NATION'S FLAG

WILL you go with me to Philadelphia to visit an old house on Arch Street? The house is not far from Independence Hall. Over the doorway is the number 239.

This odd-looking brick house was pretty old when Washington was born. It is said that the bricks were brought over as ballast in the good ship *Welcome*, one of William Penn's vessels. For more than two hundred years the house has been kept safe from fire, storm, and the inroads of business.

It is an interesting little house. The wide doors, the big cupboards, the narrow stairways, the pictures on the tiles over the fireplaces, the tiny window panes, the large floor timbers which run through the walls and show outside, — all point to days long since past.

"Why should we go to see this house?" you ask.

For a very good reason. In the little back parlor, in the year 1777, was made the first American flag.

It would take a good while to tell you about the different kinds of flags we had during the first years of the Revolution. In the different colonies almost every company had its own colors.

At the battle of Bunker Hill the New England troops used what is known as the Pine Tree flag.

You remember it was a blue banner with a silver crescent that William Jasper rescued at Fort Sullivan.

The word "Liberty" became a common watchword and was used on many standards.

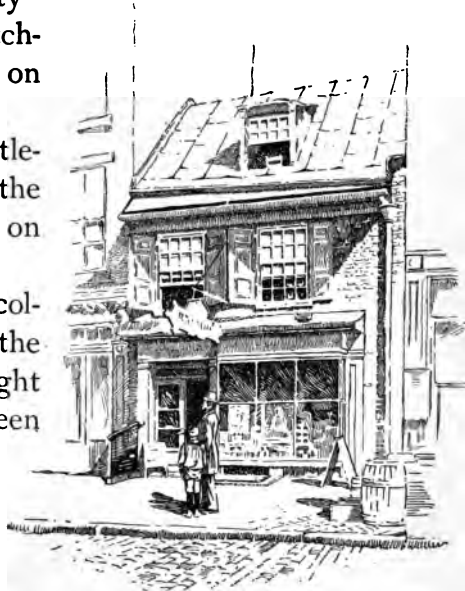
Several flags had rattlesnakes on them, with the motto, "Don't tread on me."

When the thirteen colonies united against the mother country to fight for their rights, thirteen stripes came to be used on the different flags.

Then, again, the Continental Congress began to fit out a

navy. The war ships must have a flag to fly on the high seas, for otherwise they would be called pirates.

Congress sent the wise Benjamin Franklin to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to talk over the matter with General Washington. Franklin was then to recommend a flag to Congress.



THE BETSY ROSS HOUSE

"Let us have the king's colors as the union, or color square," said Washington, "and combine with it thirteen red and white stripes. This will show that we are still loyal to King George, but are united to fight for our rights."



THE FLAGS OF THE REVOLUTION

The flag with the large crosses, on the left, is known as "the king's colors."

The flag at the right is the Cambridge flag. The flag in the middle is the first national flag.

This flag, called the Cambridge flag, or the flag of the united colonies, appeared in January, 1776, at Washington's headquarters. It was saluted with thirteen guns.

Six months later, on July 4, 1776, the great Declaration of Independence said to all the world that there was a new nation, the United States of America.

This new nation, of course, must have a flag.

One pleasant May morning in 1777 the little house on Arch Street was as neat and trim as Betsy Ross, the tidy young widow, could make it. The stately General Washington had sent her word the day before that he and Robert Morris should have the honor of calling upon



BETSY ROSS SHOWING GENERAL WASHINGTON AND ROBERT MORRIS A SAMPLE OF THE FIRST NATIONAL FLAG

her to talk over the matter of making the new flag; for Betsy Ross was said to do the finest needlework in the country.

The clock on the church had just struck twelve when the commander in chief and the great merchant appeared in Mistress Ross's little back parlor. After the formal greetings were over, Washington took from his pocket

a sketch of the flag. It was to have thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, with a circle of thirteen stars on a field of blue.

"Be sure, madam," he said, "and make the stars as I have drawn them."

Now Betsy Ross had a mind of her own.

"But, General Washington," said the young dress-maker, "the stars in the sky seem to have five points, and yours have six.

"This is the way to make the stars," she continued; and with a few clips of her scissors she made a perfect five-pointed star.

"You are right, my good woman," said Washington; "proceed to make the flag as I have directed, but make the stars with five points."

With stately bows the two gentlemen took their leave of the little Quaker woman.

Mistress Ross at once began to make a sample flag.

In the middle of June, 1777, the flag was accepted by Congress; and for eighteen years it remained the flag of the nation.

In 1795, after Vermont and Kentucky came into the Union, the stars and the stripes were increased to fifteen.

Year after year new states came knocking at the door, asking to be admitted.

"Too many stripes on the flag," said the people when, with twenty states, there were twenty stars and twenty stripes.

"True enough," answered the great men in Congress; "let us not mar the beauty of our nation's flag."

So it was decided that after July 4, 1818, there should be thirteen stripes, first a red one and then a white one, and that every time a new state was admitted to the Union a star should be added.

One by one new stars have taken their places, until to-day forty-six are found on the field of blue. Thus you see there is a star for each state and a stripe for each of the thirteen original colonies.

Should you like to know when and where the stars and stripes first waved?

It was in August, about three months from the time that General Washington paid his visit to Betsy Ross.

During the Burgoyne campaign, in the summer of 1777, the Tories and Indians swept down the Mohawk Valley and besieged Fort Stanwix.

Colonel Willett was sent out from the fort to make a flank attack on the British. It was a success. The patriots soon came back bringing five flags captured from the redcoats.



RAISING THE STARS AND
STRIPES FOR THE FIRST
TIME

"Hoist those flags first, and then let us raise the new flag over them," said Colonel Gansevoort, the commander of the fort.

But they could not find a new flag to hoist.

"Never mind, boys," said the sturdy Dutch fighter; "we will make one."

An officer got a white shirt, and somebody furnished a blue jacket.

But what could they do now for cloth to make the red stripes?

Out came a soldier's wife bringing a red flannel petticoat.

It did not take long for those men and women in that frontier fort to make the flag and hoist it.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" they shouted.

This rude flag was raised over the five captured flags on August 6, 1777. Let us try to remember this date, for on this day the stars and stripes first floated in the breeze.

What a wonderful history our flag has had since that day when, in her little back parlor, Betsy Ross cut the first beautiful star! What victories have been won under its folds! For love of it what glorious deeds have been done!

No boy or girl in all our great republic should ever forget that our flag is a solemn national symbol. Its very colors have a language of their own. Red is for valor, white for purity, and blue for justice.

And now our story-telling is finished. At the very end I wish to place three beautiful words; think of them whenever you see the flag of your native land:

VALOR, PURITY, JUSTICE.



QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

CHAPTER I, PAGE 1

SEARCHING FOR A NEW HOME

1. What was the Mayflower? 2. Where is Cape Cod? 3. Where is Provincetown? 4. When did the Pilgrims reach the harbor at Provincetown? 5. How many Pilgrims came in the Mayflower?
6. Who were the Pilgrims? 7. What did the Pilgrims do before landing? 8. Who was the first governor of the colony? 9. How long did the Mayflower remain in the harbor at Provincetown? 10. What did the Pilgrims do during their first month at Cape Cod?
11. What did the Pilgrims find in the Truro woods? 12. What were the mounds used for? 13. What did the Pilgrims do with the corn? 14. How did the Pilgrims show their honesty about the corn? 15. How did Clarke's Island get its name?
16. What happened on the Mayflower while the men were away? 17. What reason did the Pilgrims have for being happy?

CHAPTER II, PAGE 8

ON THE PLYMOUTH SHORE

1. When did the Pilgrims reach the harbor across the bay from Cape Cod? 2. Who was Captain John Smith? 3. Where did the Pilgrims land? 4. What did the Pilgrims do when they landed? 5. Why was Leyden Street so named?
6. Where did the Pilgrims live while building their houses? 7. When was the first house raised? 8. What were the houses built of? 9. What can you say about the fireplaces? 10. Who came to see the Pilgrims in the spring?

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11. Where had Samoset learned English? 12. Who else came to visit the colony? 13. What did Squanto teach the Pilgrims? 14. Who was Massasoit? 15. Why do you think the Pilgrims fired their guns off?

16. Was King Massasoit a good man? 17. Why was the first winter so hard for the Pilgrims? 18. How many of the Pilgrims died during the first winter? 19. What kind of man was Captain Miles Standish? 20. What kind of man was Elder Brewster?

21. What did the Pilgrims do to keep the Indians from knowing how many had died? 22. Do you know the other name of the flower which the Pilgrims called "mayflower"? 23. When did the ship Mayflower sail back to England? 24. Why were the Pilgrims so sober at seeing the Mayflower sail away? (The lines of poetry are quoted from Longfellow's "Miles Standish." Have you read this poem yet?) 25. Why is Plymouth so important in our history?

CHAPTER III, PAGE 16

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

1. Why were the Pilgrims so happy the first autumn? 2. What did Elder Brewster think should be done? 3. Who came to join the Pilgrims in their thanksgiving? 4. How large a settlement was Plymouth at the time of their first thanksgiving? 5. What do you know of Mary Chilton and Mary Allerton?

6. What do you think the Pilgrims did at their first thanksgiving? 7. Have you read the love story of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins? (Read Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish.") 8. What do you learn here about Captain Miles Standish? 9. How did the Pilgrims end their week of thanksgiving?

CHAPTER IV, PAGE 22

ALONE IN THE WOODS

1. Why were France and England at war with each other in this country? 2. Which side did the Indians help, France or England?

3. What kind of life did the early settlers have? 4. Why did Haverhill suffer so much from the Indians? 5. Why did the Indians carry away

Joseph Whittaker and Isaac Bradley? 6. What did the Indians give the boys to eat? 7. Where is Lake Winnepesaukee? 8. What did the boys do in the Indian camp? 9. Why was it so difficult for the boys to escape? 10. What did the boys have for food?

11. What kind of boy was Isaac? 12. Where did the boys at last find a settlement? 13. In what direction had the boys been traveling?

CHAPTER V, PAGE 30

CATHERINE, THE OJIBWAY GIRL

1. What country was ruling the Lake region at the time our story begins? 2. Where is the Detroit River? 3. Why was the settlement on the Detroit River so important? 4. Who lived near the settlement on the Detroit River? 5. Who was Pontiac?

6. What great plot did Pontiac form? 7. How long were the Indians in making their preparations to attack the English settlements? 8. When was the war to begin? 9. How was Pontiac's plot discovered? 10. What did Catherine do?

11. How were Pontiac and his chiefs dressed when they came to the fort? 12. Why were the Indian chiefs surprised when they entered the fort? 13. Why were the men so excited in the council room? 14. What do you know of Pontiac's War? 15. How long did the Indians try to capture Fort Detroit?

CHAPTER VI, PAGE 38

A WILD NIGHT IN BOSTON TOWN

1. What kind of man was King George the Third of England? 2. What caused the trouble between England and America? 3. In what year did England send troops to Boston? 4. What power did the British troops have? 5. Why did trouble arise between the people of Boston and the soldiers?

6. When did the crisis come between the people and the soldiers? 7. What did the people demand of the royal governor? 8. What effect did the Boston Massacre have on our forefathers?

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CHAPTER VII, PAGE 45

SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER

1. When does our story open? 2. Do you know any great event that took place in 1776? (The adoption of the Declaration of Independence, July 4.) 3. What was Sir Peter Parker trying to do? 4. What kind of man was Sergeant Jasper? 5. What was the name of the little fort that protected Charleston? (The South Carolinians afterwards changed the name to Fort Moultrie, in honor of its gallant commander, Colonel Moultrie.) 6. How did the governor reward Sergeant Jasper? 7. What reason did Sergeant Jasper give for refusing promotion? 8. What honor was paid Colonel Moultrie's regiment for their gallantry? 9. How did Jasper Spring get its name? 10. Where did Sergeant Jasper lose his life? 11. What message did Sergeant Jasper send to Mrs. Elliott? 12. Why did the people of Savannah erect a monument to Sergeant Jasper?

CHAPTER VIII, PAGE 51

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

1. Why did King George not remove the tax on tea? 2. Why did the patriots refuse to pay the tax on tea? 3. What bargain did the king make with the London merchants? 4. What did the patriots do when they heard of the king's bargain with the tea merchants? 5. What happened to the tea merchants in Charleston, Philadelphia, and New York? 6. What did the people do at Boston when the tea ships came to anchor? 7. What did the towns of Massachusetts (the old Bay State) do? 8. What was the law about landing cargoes? 9. What did the "Mohawk Indians" do? 10. How did the "Sons of Liberty" treat the man who was carrying some of the tea home? 11. What prominent men were probably among the "Mohawk Indians"? 12. Where did Doctor Joseph Warren lose his life? 13. What do you know about the midnight ride of Paul Revere? 14. How did the colonists feel over what Boston had done?

CHAPTER IX, PAGE 58

HOW LYDIA DARRAH SERVED HER COUNTRY

1. Who was Lydia Darrah? 2. Where is Philadelphia? 3. Where is Whitemarsh? 4. Where is the Brandywine? 5. Where is Germantown?
6. Why were the British officers accustomed to meet at Lydia Darrah's?
7. Why do you think Lydia Darrah went herself to warn General Washington? 8. What surprise awaited General Howe when he reached Whitemarsh? 9. How did the British army spend the winter? 10. Where did Washington and his army spend the winter?
11. What was the condition of Washington's army? 12. Why do you think the patriots were so courageous?

CHAPTER X, PAGE 64

THE BRAVERY OF ELIZABETH ZANE

1. Where is Wheeling, West Virginia? 2. Who was Patrick Henry?
3. At what time does our story open? 4. Why do you think Girty was called a traitor? 5. What was the Indian method of fighting?
6. What do you think of Elizabeth Zane? 7. Who came to the rescue of Fort Henry? 8. What reason have we for remembering Captain Ebenezer Zane?

CHAPTER XI, PAGE 72

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

1. Where is Rhode Island? 2. What happened in Rhode Island about Christmas time in 1776? 3. What kind of man was General Richard Prescott? 4. How did General Prescott treat the people of Newport?
5. What did Lieutenant Colonel Barton wish to do?
6. Why was Barton's plan dangerous? 7. How many men did Barton take with him? 8. What orders did Barton give his men? 9. What was done with General Prescott? 10. How was Barton rewarded?

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CHAPTER XII, PAGE 80

THE PATRIOTS OF "LIBERTY HALL"

1. Why did the British hate Governor Livingston? 2. What kind of girls were "the three Graces"? 3. How did Washington show his regard for Miss Catherine Livingston? 4. How did Miss Susan treat the British officer? 5. What do you think of Miss Susan?
6. How did Sir Henry Clinton try to catch Governor Livingston?
7. How were the soldiers received by Miss Catherine? 8. How did Miss Catherine outwit the British officer?

CHAPTER XIII, PAGE 86

PUT TO FLIGHT BY FRIENDS

1. How did King George intend to conquer the South? 2. Where is Savannah? 3. When did the British army land at Savannah? 4. How did the people of South Carolina feel? 5. Where is Charleston?
6. When did the British reach Charleston? 7. Where did some of the redcoats finally camp? 8. What kind of place was John's Island? 9. What did the patriots at Charleston plan to do? 10. How did the patriots surprise the British?
11. What did the Gibbs family think when they heard the cannon?
12. What did the Gibbs family do? 13. What do you think of Mary Gibbs?

CHAPTER XIV, PAGE 92

VOYAGING IN THE WILDERNESS

1. Where were the Holston settlements? (They were a part of what is now Tennessee.) 2. Where is the Cumberland River? 3. Where is Nashville? 4. What was the name of the principal boat of the Holston settlers? 5. How long was the voyage to be?

6. When did the voyage begin? 7. What difficulties did the voyagers meet with? 8. What happened to the people on Mr. Stuart's boat? 9. How did Mr. Jennings and his boat fare? 10. What do you know of Nancy Gower?

11. When did the pioneers reach the Cumberland River? 12. How long had they been on their journey? 13. When did they reach the Bluff?

CHAPTER XV, PAGE 99

HOW WATER WAS BROUGHT TO THE FORT

1. What was the name of the war for our independence? (The Revolutionary War.) 2. When did the Revolutionary War end? (Lord Cornwallis, the British general, surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia, on October 19, 1781; but the treaty of peace was not signed until September 3, 1783, at Paris.) 3. Where is Lexington, Kentucky? 4. Why were the people in Bryan's Station so troubled? 5. Why did not the men go to get water?

6. How long did the fight last? 7. Why did the Indians go away? 8. Who was the baby in the log cradle?

CHAPTER XVI, PAGE 104

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON

1. Where is our national capital? 2. Where is Mount Vernon? 3. Who used to live at Mount Vernon? 4. How large an estate was Mount Vernon? 5. What makes the flower garden so interesting?

6. What was the barn built of? 7. What do you know of "the lost coach"? 8. What can you say of Washington's tomb? 9. Why did the Ladies' Association wish to buy Mount Vernon? 10. How was the estate bought?

11. What can you say about the appearance of the mansion? 12. What do you know of the rooms on the first floor? 13. What kind of stepfather was Washington? (In Washington's time a good many common nouns

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were spelled with initial capital letters.) 14. What became of Jack Custis? 15. Who was Nellie Custis?

16. What kind of girl was Nellie Custis? 17. Why was Washington so fond of Mount Vernon? 18. What honors are now paid to Washington's tomb? 19. Why should we continue to honor Washington's last resting place?

CHAPTER XVII, PAGE 111

"THE AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO"

1. What brought on the second war with Great Britain? 2. How powerful were we at this time? 3. When was war declared against England? 4. What made Scituate an important village? 5. Where is Scituate, Massachusetts?

6. Where is Marthas Vineyard, Massachusetts? 7. How did Rebecca and Abigail Bates frighten the British away?

CHAPTER XVIII, PAGE 117

THE YOUNG CREOLE'S WARNING

1. What was the cause of the War of 1812? (See Chapter XVII, page 111.) 2. When did the British fleet reach the mouth of the Mississippi River? 3. Where was the estate of the Villerés? 4. How was the young Creole officer surprised? 5. Why was the young officer so eager to make his escape?

6. What kind of man do you think General Jackson was?

CHAPTER XIX, PAGE 122

OUR NATION'S FLAG

1. What makes the little house on Arch Street interesting in itself? 2. Why should we be particularly interested in this house? 3. When was the first American flag made? 4. What can you tell about some of the flags used in the different colonies? 5. Why was a flag needed for our navy?

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

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- ✓ 6. Whom did Congress send to consult with Washington about a flag?
7. What is meant by the "union, or color square"? (Look up the word "union" in a large dictionary.) 8. When did the Cambridge flag make its appearance? 9. Why did we need a new flag after July 4, 1776?
10. Why was Betsy Ross asked to make the new flag?
11. When was the new flag accepted by Congress? 12. How long did the new flag remain unchanged? 13. Why were new stars and new stripes added to the flag? 14. What began to be the trouble with the flag? 15. How was the question of the flag finally decided?
16. How many stars are there now in the flag? 17. When was the American flag first hoisted? 18. How was this first flag made? 19. Why should we love our flag?

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

A

Abigail, *ab'i-gl*
 Alleghanies, *al'e-ga-nēs*
 Allerton, *al'er-ton*
 Antoinette, *an-toi-net'*
 Atlantic, *at-lan'tic*

B

Billington, *bill'ing-ton*
 Brandywine, *bran'dy-wine*
 Brewster, *bru'ster*
 Burgoyne, *bur-goin'*

C

Carolina, *kar-o-li'na*
 Catherine, *kath'e-rin*
 Connecticut, *kon-net'i-kut*
 Coppin, *kop'pin*
 Cumberland, *kum'ber-land*

D

Darrah, *dar'ra*
 Dartmouth, *dart'muth*
 De la Ronde, *dē lā rond*
 Detroit, *de-troit'*
 Donelson, *don'el-son*
 Dorothy, *dor'o-thy*

E

Ebenezer, *eb-en-e'zer*
 Eleanor, *el'e-a-nor*

G

Gansevoort, *gan'ze-vort* (*o* as in *fort*)
 Georgia, *jor'ji-a*
 Gladwin, *glad'win*
 Gower, *gow'er* (*ou* as in *sound*)

H

Hampshire, *hamp'sher*
 Haverhill, *hay'ver-il*

K

Keane, *keen*
 Kentucky, *ken-tuck'y*

L

Lafayette, *lah-fa-yet'*
 Leyden, *li'den*
 Lydia, *lid'i-a*

M

Marie, *ma-reé'*
 Massachusetts, *mas-a-chu'sets*
 Massasoit, *mas-a-soit'*
 Merrimac, *mēr'i-mak*
 Mohawk, *mó'hawk*
 Moultrie, *mool'try* or *mool'try*

N

Narragansett, *nar-a-gan'set*

O

Ogle, *o'gl*
 Ojibway, *o-jib'way*
 Ottawas, *ot'a-wahz*

P

Percy, *pur'sy*
 Peyton, *pay'ton*
 Philadelphia, *fil-a-del'fi-a*
 Plymouth, *plim'uth*
 Pontiac, *pon'ti-ak*
 Pottawottomies, *pot-a-wot'o-mez*
 Prevost, *pre-vo'*
 Priscilla, *prɪ-sil'a*

R

Rebecca, *re-bek'a*
 Revere, *re-veer'*
 Rhode Island, *road i'land*
 Rutledge, *rut'ledge*

S

Saco, *say'ko*
 Samoset, *sam'o-set*
 Savannah, *sa-van'a*
 Scituate, *sit'u-ale*
 Squanto, *squon'to*
 Stanton, *stɔn'ton*
 Stanwix, *stɔn'wix*
 Stephen, *ste'ven*
 Sullivan, *sul'i-van*

V

Vermont, *vur-mont'*
 Villeré, *vil-ray'*

W

Warwick, *war'rk*
 Whitemarsh, *white'marsh*
 Whittaker, *whit'a-ker*
 Willet, *wil'et*
 Winnepesaukee, *win-e-pe-saw'ky*
 Winslow, *wins'lo*

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